

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1882.

A LITTLE PILGRIM:

IN THE UNSEEN.

(For Easter.)

SHE had been talking of dying only the evening before, with a friend, and had described her own sensations after a long illness when she had been at the point of death. "I suppose," she said, "that I was as nearly gone as any one ever was to come back again. There was no pain in it, only a sense of sinking down, down—through the bed as if nothing could hold me or give me support enough—but no pain." And then they had spoken of another friend in the same circumstances, who also had come back from the very verge, and who described her sensations as those of one floating upon a summer sea without pain or suffering, in a lovely nook of the Mediterranean, blue as the sky. These soft and soothing images of the passage which all men dread had been talked over with low voices, yet with smiles and a grateful sense that "the warm precincts of the cheerful day" were once more familiar to both. And very cheerfully she went to rest that night, talking of what was to be done on the morrow, and fell asleep sweetly in her little room, with its shaded light and curtained window, and little pictures on the dim walls. All was quiet in the house: soft breathing of the sleepers, soft murmuring of the spring wind outside, a wintry moon very clear and full in the skies, a

little town all hushed and quiet, every thing lying defenceless, unconscious, in the safe keeping of God.

How soon she woke no one can tell. She woke and lay quite still, half-roused, half-hushed, in that soft languor that attends a happy waking. She was happy always in the peace of a heart that was humble and faithful and pure, but yet had been used to wake to a consciousness of little pains and troubles, such as even to her meekness were sometimes hard to bear. But on this morning there were none of these. She lay in a kind of hush of happiness and ease, not caring to make any further movement, lingering over the sweet sensation of that waking. She had no desire to move nor to break the spell of the silence and peace. It was still very early, she supposed, and probably it might be hours yet before any one came to call her. It might even be that she should sleep again. She had no wish to move, she lay at such luxurious ease and calm. But by and by, as she came to full possession of her waking senses, it appeared to her that there was some change in the atmosphere, in the scene. There began to steal into the air about her the soft dawn as of a summer morning, the lovely blueness of the first opening of daylight before the sun. It

could not be the light of the moon which she had seen before she went to bed : and all was so still that it could not be the bustling, wintry day which comes at that time of the year late, to find the world awake before it. This was different ; it was like the summer dawn, a soft suffusion of light growing every moment. And by and by it occurred to her that she was not in the little room where she had lain down. There were no dim walls or roof, her little pictures were all gone, the curtains at her window. The discovery gave her no uneasiness in that delightful calm. She lay still to think of it all, to wonder, yet undisturbed. It half amused her that these things should be changed, but did not rouse her yet with any shock of alteration. The light grew fuller and fuller round, growing into day, clearing her eyes from the sweet mist of the first waking. Then she raised herself upon her arm. She was not in her room, she was in no scene she knew. Indeed it was scarcely a scene at all, nothing but light, so soft and lovely that it soothed and caressed her eyes. She thought all at once of a summer morning when she was a child, when she had woken in the deep night which yet was day, early, so early that the birds were scarcely astir, and had risen up with a delicious sense of daring and of being all alone in the mystery of the sunrise, in the unawakened world which lay at her feet to be explored, as if she were Eve just entering upon Eden. It was curious how all those childish sensations, long forgotten, came back to her as she found herself so unexpectedly out of her sleep in the open air and light. In the recollection of that lovely hour, with a smile at herself, so different as she now knew herself to be, she was moved to rise and look a little more closely about her and see where she was.

When I call her a little Pilgrim, I do not mean that she was a child ; on the contrary, she was not even young. She was little by nature, with as little flesh and blood as was consistent with

mortal life ; and she was one of those who are always little for love. The tongue found diminutives for her, the heart kept her in a perpetual youth. She was so modest and so gentle that she always came last so long as there was any one whom she could put before her. But this little body and the soul which was not little, and the heart which was big and great, had known all the round of sorrows that fill a woman's life, without knowing any of its warmer blessings. She had nursed the sick, she had entertained the weary, she had consoled the dying. She had gone about the world, which had no prize or recompense for her, with a smile. Her little presence had been always bright. She was not clever ; you might have said she had no mind at all ; but so wise and right and tender a heart that it was as good as genius. This is to let you know what this little Pilgrim had been.

She rose up, and it was strange how like she felt to the child she remembered in that still summer morning so many years ago. Her little body, which had been worn and racked with pain, felt as light and unconscious of itself as then. She took her first step forward with the same sense of pleasure, yet of awe, suppressed delight and daring and wild adventure, yet perfect safety. But then the recollection of the little room in which she had fallen asleep came quickly, strangely over her, confusing her mind. "I must be dreaming, I suppose," she said to herself, regretfully ; for it was all so sweet that she wished it to be true. Her movement called her attention to herself, and she found that she was dressed, not in her night-dress as she had lain down, but in a dress she did not know. She paused for a moment to look at it, and wonder. She had never seen it before ; she did not make out how it was made, or what stuff it was, but it fell so pleasantly about her, it was so soft and light, that in her confused state she abandoned that subject with only an additional sense of pleasure.

And now the atmosphere became more distinct to her. She saw that under her feet was a greenness as of close velvet turf, both cool and warm, cool and soft to touch, but with no damp in it, as might have been at that early hour, and with flowers showing here and there. She stood looking round her, not able to identify the landscape because she was still confused a little, and then walked softly on, all the time afraid lest she should awake and lose the sweetness of it all, and the sense of rest and happiness. She felt so light, so airy, as if she could skim across the field like any child. It was bliss enough to breathe and move with every organ so free. After more than fifty years of hard service in the world to feel like this, even in a dream! She smiled to herself at her own pleasure; and then once more, yet more potently, there came back upon her the appearance of her room in which she had fallen asleep. How had she got from there to here? Had she been carried away in her sleep, or was it only a dream, and would she by and by find herself between the four dim walls again? Then this shadow of recollection faded away once more, and she moved forward, walking in a soft rapture over the delicious turf. Presently she came to a little mound upon which she paused to look about her. Every moment she saw a little further: blue hills far away, extending in long sweet distance, an indefinite landscape, but fair and vast, so that there could be seen no end to it, not even the line of the horizon—save at one side where there seemed to be a great shadowy gateway, and something dim beyond. She turned from the brightness to look at this, and when she had looked for some time she saw what pleased her still more, though she had been so happy before, people coming in. They were too far off for her to see clearly, but many came, each apart, one figure only at a time. To watch them amused her in the delightful leisure

of her mind. Who were they? she wondered; but no doubt soon some of them would come this way, and she would see. Then suddenly she seemed to hear, as if in answer to her question, some one say, "Those who are coming in are the people who have died on earth." "Died!" she said to herself aloud, with a wondering sense of the inappropriateness of the word, which almost came the length of laughter. In this sweet air, with such a sense of life about, to suggest such an idea was almost ludicrous. She was so occupied with this that she did not look round to see who the speaker might be. She thought it over, amused, but with some new confusion of the mind. Then she said, "Perhaps I have died too," with a laugh to herself at the absurdity of the thought.

"Yes," said the other voice, echoing that gentle laugh of hers, "you have died too."

She turned round and saw another standing by her, a woman, younger and fairer and more stately than herself, but of so sweet a countenance that our little Pilgrim felt no shyness, but recognised a friend at once. She was more occupied looking at this new face, and feeling herself at once so much happier (though she had been so happy before) in finding a companion who would tell her what everything was, than in considering what these words might mean. But just then once more the recollection of the four walls, with their little pictures hanging, and the window with its curtains drawn, seemed to come round her for a moment, so that her whole soul was in a confusion. And as this vision slowly faded away (though she could not tell which was the vision, the darkened room or this lovely light), her attention came back to the words at which she had laughed, and at which the other had laughed as she repeated them. Died!—was it possible that this could be the meaning of it all.

"Died!" she said, looking with

wonder in her companion's face, which smiled back to her. "But do you mean—? You cannot mean—? I have never been so well. I am so strong. I have no trouble—anywhere. I am full of life."

The other nodded her beautiful head with a more beautiful smile, and the little Pilgrim burst out in a great cry of joy, and said—

"Is this all? Is it over?—is it all over? Is it possible that this can be all?"

"Were you afraid of it?" the other said.

There was a little agitation for the moment in her heart. She was so glad, so relieved and thankful, that it took away her breath. She could not get over the wonder of it.

"To think one should look forward to it so long, and wonder and be even unhappy trying to divine what it will be—and this all!"

"Ah, but the angel was very gentle with you," said the young woman. "You were so tender and worn that he only smiled and took you sleeping. There are other ways: but it is always wonderful to think it is over, as you say."

The little Pilgrim could do nothing but talk of it as one does after a very great event. "Are you sure, quite sure, it is so?" she said. "It would be dreadful to find it only a dream, to go to sleep again, and wake up—there—" This thought troubled her for a moment. The vision of the bedchamber came back, but this time she felt it was only a vision. "Were you afraid too?" she said, in a low voice.

"I never thought of it at all," the beautiful stranger said. "I did not think it would come to me: but I was very sorry for the others to whom it came, and grudged that they should lose the beautiful earth and life, and all that was so sweet."

"My dear!" cried the Pilgrim, as if she had never died, "oh, but this is far sweeter! and the heart is so light, and it is happiness only to

breathe. Is it heaven here? It must be heaven."

"I do not know if it is heaven. We have so many things to learn. They cannot tell you everything at once," said the beautiful lady. "I have seen some of the people I was sorry for, and when I told them we laughed—as you and I laughed just now—for pleasure."

"That makes me think," said the little Pilgrim; "if I have died as you say—which is so strange and me so living—if I have died, they will have found it out. The house will be all dark, and they will be breaking their hearts. Oh, how could I forget them in my selfishness, and be happy! I so lighthearted, while they—"

She sat down hastily and covered her face with her hands and wept. The other looked at her for a moment, then kissed her for comfort and cried too. The two happy creatures sat there weeping together, thinking of those they had left behind, with an exquisite grief which was not unhappiness, which was sweet with love and pity. "And oh," said the little Pilgrim, "what can we do to tell them not to grieve? Cannot you send, cannot you speak—cannot one go to tell them?"

The heavenly stranger shook her head.

"It is not well they all say. Sometimes one has been permitted; but they do not know you," she said with a pitiful look in her sweet eyes. "My mother told me that her heart was so sick for me, she was allowed to go; and she went and stood by me, and spoke to me, and I did not know her. She came back so sad and sorry that they took her at once to our Father—and there you know she found that it was all well. All is well when you are there."

"Ah," said the little Pilgrim, "I have been thinking of other things. Of how happy I was, and of *them*—but never of the Father—just as if I had not died."

The other smiled upon her with a wonderful smile.

"Do you think He will be offended? our Father? as if He were one of us?" she said.

And then the little Pilgrim in her sudden grief to have forgotten Him became conscious of a new rapture unexplainable in words. She felt His understanding to envelop her little spirit with a soft and clear penetration, and that nothing she did or said could ever be misconceived more. "Will you take me to Him?" she said, trembling yet glad, clasping her hands. And once again the other shook her head.

"They will take us both when it is time," she said. "We do not go at our own will. But I have seen our Brother——"

"Oh, take me to Him!" the little Pilgrim cried. "Let me see His face! I have so many things to say to Him. I want to ask Him— Oh, take me to where I can see His face!"

And then once again the heavenly lady smiled.

"I have seen Him," she said. "He is always about—now here, now there. He will come and see you perhaps when you are not thinking. But when He pleases. We do not think here of what we will——"

The little Pilgrim sat very still wondering at all this. She had thought when a soul left the earth that it went at once to God, and thought of nothing more except worship and singing of praises. But this was different from her thoughts. She sat and pondered and wondered. She was baffled at many points. She was not changed as she expected, but so much like herself still—still perplexed, and feeling herself foolish, not understanding, toiling after a something which she could not grasp. The only difference was that it was no trouble to her now. She smiled at herself, and at her dullness, feeling sure that by and by she would understand.

"And don't you wonder too?" she said to her companion, which was a speech such as she used to make

upon the earth when people thought her little remarks disjointed, and did not always see the connection of them. But her friend of heaven knew what she meant.

"I do nothing but wonder," she said, "for it is all so natural—not what we thought."

"Is it long since you have been here?" the Pilgrim said.

"I came before you—but how long or how short I cannot tell, for that is not how we count. We count only by what happens to us. And nothing yet has happened to me except that I have seen our Brother. My mother sees Him always. That means she has lived here a long time and well——"

"Is it possible to live ill—in heaven?" The little Pilgrim's eyes grew large as if they were going to have tears in them, and a little shadow seemed to come over her. But the other laughed softly and restored all her confidence.

"I have told you I do not know if it is heaven or not. No one does ill, but some do little and some do much, just as it used to be. Do you remember in Dante there was a lazy spirit that stayed about the gates and never got farther? but perhaps you never read that."

"I was not clever," said the little Pilgrim wistfully; "no, I never read it. I wish I had known more."

Upon which the beautiful lady kissed her again to give her courage, and said—

"It does not matter at all. It all comes to you whether you have known it or not."

"Then your mother came here long ago?" said the Pilgrim. "Ah, then I shall see my mother too."

"Oh very soon, as soon as she can come; but there are so many things to do. Sometimes we can go and meet those who are coming, but it is not always so. I remember that she had a message. She could not leave her business you may be sure, or she would have been here."

"Then you know my mother? Oh, and my dearest father too?"

"We all know each other," the lady said with a smile.

"And you? did you come to meet me—only out of kindness, though I do not know you?" the little Pilgrim said.

"I am nothing but an idler," said the beautiful lady, "making acquaintance. I am of little use as yet. I was very hard worked before I came here, and they think it well that we should sit in the sun and take a little rest and find things out."

Then the little Pilgrim sat still and mused, and felt in her heart that she had found many things out. What she had heard had been wonderful, and it was more wonderful still to be sitting here all alone save for this lady, yet so happy and at ease. She wanted to sing, she was so happy, but remembered that she was old and had lost her voice, and then remembered again that she was no longer old, and perhaps had found it again. And then it occurred to her to remember how she had learned to sing, and how beautiful her sister's voice was, and how heavenly to hear her: which made her remember that this dear sister would be weeping, not singing, down where she had come from—and immediately the tears stood in her eyes.

"Oh," she said, "I never thought we should cry when we came here. I thought there were no tears in heaven."

"Did you think, then, that we were all turned into stone?" cried the beautiful lady. "It says God shall wipe away all tears from our faces, which is not like saying there are to be no tears."

Upon which the little Pilgrim, glad that it was permitted to be sorry, though she was so happy, allowed herself to think upon the place she had so lately left. And she seemed to see her little room again with all the pictures hanging as she had left them, and the house darkened, and the dear faces she knew all sad and troubled:

and to hear them saying over to each other all the little careless words she had said as if they were out of the Scriptures, and crying if any one but mentioned her name, and putting on crape and black dresses, and lamenting as if that which had happened was something very terrible. She cried at this and yet felt half inclined to laugh, but would not because it would be disrespectful to those she loved. One thing did not occur to her, and that was that they would be carrying her body which she had left behind her away to the grave. She did not think of this because she was not aware of the loss, and felt far too much herself to think that there was another part of her being buried in the ground. From this she was aroused by her companion asking her a question.

"Have you left many there?" she said.

"No one," said the little Pilgrim, "to whom I was the first on earth: but they loved me all the same—and if I could only, only let them know—"

"But I left one to whom I was the first on earth," said the other, with tears in her beautiful eyes, "and oh, how glad I should be to be less happy if he might be less sad."

"And you cannot go? you cannot go to him and tell him? Oh, I wish—!" cried the little Pilgrim—but then she paused, for the wish died all away in her heart into a tender love for this poor sorrowful man whom she did not know; this gave her the sweetest pang she had ever felt, for she knew that all was well, and yet was so sorry and would have willingly given up her happiness for his. All this the lady read in her eyes or her heart, and loved her for it, and they took hands and were silent together, thinking of those they had left, as we upon earth think of those who have gone from us, but only with far more understanding, and far greater love. "And have you never been able to do anything for him?" our Pilgrim said.

Then the beautiful lady's face flushed

all over with the most heavenly warmth and light. Her smile ran over like the bursting out of the sun. "Oh, I will tell you," she said. "There was a moment when he was very sad and perplexed not knowing what to think. There was something he could not understand; nor could I understand, nor did I know what it was until it was said to me you may go and tell him. And I went in the early morning before he was awake, and kissed him, and said it in his ear. He woke up in a moment and understood, and everything was clear to him. Afterwards I heard him say, 'It is true that the night brings counsel. I had been troubled and distressed all day long, but in the morning it was quite clear to me.' And the other answered, 'Your brain was refreshed and that made your judgment clear.' But they never knew it was I! That was a great delight. The dear souls! they are so foolish," she cried with the sweetest laughter that ran into tears. "One cries because one is so happy; it is just a silly old habit," she said.

"And you were not grieved, it did not hurt you—that he did not know—"

"Oh, not then; not then! I did not go to him for that. When you have been here a little longer you will see the difference. When you go for yourself, out of impatience because it still seems to you that you must know best, and they don't know you—then it strikes to your heart; but when you go to help them—ah," she cried, "when he comes how much I shall have to tell him! You thought it was sleep when it was I—when you woke so fresh and clear it was I that kissed you; you thought it your duty to me to be sad afterwards and were angry with yourself because you had wronged me of the first thoughts of your waking—when it was all me, all through!"

"I begin to understand," said the little Pilgrim; "but why should they not see us, and why should not we tell

them? It would seem so natural. If they saw us it would make them so happy, and so sure."

Upon this the lady shook her head.

"The worst of it is not that they are not sure—it is the parting. If this makes us sorry here, how can they escape the sorrow of it even if they saw us?—for we must be parted. We cannot go back to live with them, or why should we have died? And then we must all live our lives, they in their way, we in ours. We must not weigh them down, but only help them when it is seen that there is need for it. All this we shall know better by and by."

"You make it so clear, and your face is so bright," said our little Pilgrim gratefully, "you must have known a great deal, and understood even when you were in the world."

"I was as foolish as I could be," said the other, with her laugh that was as sweet as music; "yet thought I knew, and they thought I knew; but all that does not matter now."

"I think it matters—for look how much you have showed me; but tell me one thing more—how was it said to you that you must go and tell him? Was it some one who spoke—was it—"

Her face grew so bright that all the past brightness was as a dull sky to this. It gave out such a light of happiness, that the little Pilgrim was dazzled.

"I was wandering about," she said, "to see this new place. My mother had come back between two errands she had, and had come to see me and tell me everything; and I was straying about wondering what I was to do, when suddenly I saw some one coming along, as it might be now:—"

She paused and looked up, and the little Pilgrim looked up too with her heart beating, but there was no one. Then she gave a little sigh, and turned and listened again.

"I had not been looking for Him, or thinking. You know my mind is too light. I am pleased with whatever is

before me : and I was so curious, for my mother had told me many things ; when suddenly I caught sight of Him passing by. He was going on, and when I saw this a panic seized me, lest He should pass and say nothing. I do not know what I did. I flung myself upon His robe, and got hold of it, or at least I think so. I was in such an agony lest He should pass and never notice me. But that was my folly. He pass ! As if that could be ! ”

“ And what did He say to you ? ” cried the little Pilgrim, her heart almost aching, it beat so high with sympathy and expectation.

The lady looked at her for a little without saying anything.

“ I cannot tell you,” she said, “ any more than I can tell if this is heaven. It is a mystery. When you see Him you will know. It will be all you have ever hoped for and more besides, for He understands everything. He knows what is in our hearts about those we have left, and why He sent for us before them. There is no need to tell Him anything ; He knows. He will come when it is time ; and after you have seen Him you will know what to do.”

Then the beautiful lady turned her eyes towards the gate, and while the little Pilgrim was still gazing, disappeared from her, and went to comfort some other stranger. They were dear friends always, and met often, but not again in the same way.

When she was thus left alone again, the little Pilgrim sat still upon the grassy mound, quite tranquil and happy, without wishing to move. There was such a sense of well-being in her that she liked to sit there and look about her, and breathe the delightful air, like the air of a summer morning, without wishing for anything.

“ How idle I am,” she said to herself, in the very words she had often used before she died ; but then she was idle from weakness, and now from happiness. She wanted for nothing.

To be alive was so sweet. There was a great deal to think about in what she had heard, but she did not even think about that, only resigned herself to the delight of sitting there in the sweet air and being happy. Many people were coming and going, and they all knew her, and smiled upon her, and those who were at a distance would wave their hands. This did not surprise her at all, for though she was a stranger, she too felt that she knew them all : but that they should be so kind was a delight to her which words could not tell. She sat and mused very sweetly about all that had been told her, and wondered whether she too might go sometimes, and with a kiss and a whisper clear up something that was dark in the mind of some one who loved her. “ I that never was clever ! ” she said to herself, with a smile. And chiefly she thought of a friend whom she loved, who was often in great perplexity, and did not know how to guide herself amid the difficulties of the world.

The little Pilgrim half laughed with delight, and then half cried with longing to go as the beautiful lady had done, and make something clear that had been dark before, to this friend. As she was thinking what a pleasure it would be, some one came up to her, crossing over the flowery greenness, leaving the path on purpose. This was a being younger than the lady who had spoken to her before, with flowing hair all crisped with touches of sunshine, and a dress all white and soft, like the feathers of a white dove. There was something in her face different from that of the other, by which the little Pilgrim knew somehow, without knowing how, that she had come here as a child, and grown up in this celestial place. She was tall and fair, and came along with so musical a motion, as if her foot scarcely touched the ground, that she might have had wings : and the little Pilgrim indeed was not sure as she watched, whether it might not perhaps be an angel ; for she knew that there were

angels among the blessed people who were coming and going about, but had not been able yet to find one out. She knew that this new comer was coming to her, and turned towards her with a smile and a throb at her heart of expectation. But when the heavenly maiden drew nearer, her face, though it was so fair, looked to the Pilgrim like another face, which she had known very well—indeed, like the homely and troubled face of the friend of whom she had been thinking. And so she smiled all the more, and held out her hands and said—"I am sure I know you," upon which the other kissed her and said—"We all know each other; but I have seen you often before you came here," and knelt down by her, among the flowers that were growing, just in front of some tall lilies that grew over her, and made a lovely canopy over her head. There was something in her face that was like a child—her mouth so soft as if it had never spoken anything but heavenly words, her eyes brown and golden as if they were filled with light. She took the little Pilgrim's hands in hers, and held them and smoothed between her own. These hands had been very thin and worn before, but now, when the Pilgrim looked at them, she saw that they became softer and whiter every moment with the touch of this immortal youth.

"I knew you were coming," said the maiden. "When my mother has wanted me I have seen you there. And you were thinking of her now—that was how I found you."

"Do you know then what one thinks?" said the little Pilgrim, with wondering eyes.

"It is in the air; and when it concerns us it comes to us like the breeze. But we who are the children here, we feel it more quickly than you."

"Are you a child?" said the little Pilgrim, "or are you an angel? Sometimes you are like a child; but then your face shines and you are like—you must have some name for it here; there is nothing among

the words I know." And then she paused a little, still looking at her, and cried, "Oh, if she could but see you, little Margaret! That would do her most good of all."

Then the maiden Margaret shook her lovely head. "What does her most good is the will of the Father," she said.

At this the little Pilgrim felt once more that thrill of expectation and awe. "Oh, child, you have seen Him?" she cried.

And the other smiled. "Have you forgotten who they are that always behold His face? We have never had any fear or trembling. We are not angels, and there is no other name; we are the children. There is something given to us beyond the others. We have had no other home."

"Oh, tell me, tell me!" the little Pilgrim cried.

Upon this Margaret kissed her, putting her soft cheek against hers, and said, "It is a mystery; it cannot be put into words; in your time you will know."

"When you touch me you change me, and I grow like you," the Pilgrim said. "Ah, if she could see us together, you and me! And will you go to her soon again? And do you see them always what they are doing? and take care of them?"

"It is our Father who takes care of them, and our Lord who is our brother. I do His errands when I am able. Sometimes He will let me go, sometimes another, according as it is best. Who am I that I should take care of them? I serve them when I may."

"But you do not forget them?" the Pilgrim said, with wistful eyes.

"We love them always," said Margaret. She was more still than the lady who had first spoken with the Pilgrim. Her countenance was full of a heavenly calm. It had never known passion nor anguish. Sometimes there was in it a farseeing look of vision, sometimes the simplicity of a child. "But what are we in comparison? For He loves them more

than we do. When He keeps us from them it is for love. We must each live our own life."

"But it is hard for them sometimes," said the little Pilgrim, who could not withdraw her thoughts from those she had left.

"They are never forsaken," said the angel-maiden.

"But oh! there are worse things than sorrow," the little Pilgrim said; "there is wrong, there is evil, Margaret. Will not He send you to step in before them, to save them from wrong?"

"It is not for us to judge," said the young Margaret, with eyes full of heavenly wisdom; "our Brother has it all in His hand. We do not read their hearts, like Him. Sometimes you are permitted to see the battle—"

The little Pilgrim covered her eyes with her hands. "I could not—I could not! unless I knew they were to win the day."

"They will win the day in the end. But sometimes, when it was being lost, I have seen in His face a something—I cannot tell—more love than before. Something that seemed to say, 'My child, my child, would that I could do it for thee, my child!'"

"Oh! that is what I have always felt," cried the Pilgrim, clasping her hands; her eyes were dim, her heart for a moment almost forgot its blessedness. "But He could— Oh, little Margaret! He could! You have forgotten—Lord, if thou wilt thou canst—"

The child of heaven looked at her mutely, with sweet grave eyes, in which there was much that confused her who was a stranger here; and once more softly shook her head.

"Is it that He will not then?" said the other with a low voice of awe. "Our Lord, who died— He—"

"Listen," said the other, "I hear His step on the way."

The little Pilgrim rose up from the mound on which she was sitting. Her soul was confused with wonder and fear. She had thought that an angel

might step between a soul on earth and sin, and that if one but prayed and prayed, the dear Lord would stand between and deliver the tempted. She had meant when she saw His face to ask Him—to save. Was not He born, did not He live, and die to save? The angel-maiden looked at her all the while with eyes that understood all her perplexity and her doubt, but spoke not. Thus it was that before the Lord came to her the sweetness of her first blessedness was obscured, and she found that here too, even here, though in a moment she should see Him, there was need for faith. Young Margaret, who had been kneeling by her, rose up too and stood among the lilies, waiting, her soft countenance shining, her eyes turned towards Him who was coming. Upon her there was no cloud nor doubt. She was one of the children of that land familiar with His presence. And in the air there was a sound such as those who hear it alone can describe—a sound as of help coming and safety, like the sound of a deliverer when one is in deadly danger, like the sound of a conqueror, like the step of the dearest-beloved coming home. As it came nearer the fear melted away out of the beating heart of the Pilgrim. Who could fear so near Him? her breath went away from her, her heart out of her bosom to meet His coming. Oh, never fear could live where He was! Her soul was all confused, but it was with hope and joy. She held out her hands in that amaze, and dropped upon her knees, not knowing what she did.

He was going about His Father's business, not lingering, yet neither making haste; and the calm and peace which the little Pilgrim had seen in the faces of the blessed, were but reflections from the majestic gentleness of the countenance to which, all quivering with happiness and wonder, she lifted up her eyes. Many things there had been in her mind to say to Him. She wanted to ask for those she loved some things which

perhaps He had overlooked. She wanted to say, "Send me." It seemed to her that here was the occasion she had longed for all her life. Oh, how many times had she wished to be able to go to Him, to fall at His feet, to show Him something which had been left undone, something which perhaps for her asking He would remember to do. But when this dream of her life was fulfilled, and the little Pilgrim kneeling, and all shaken and trembling with devotion and joy, was at His feet, lifting her face to Him, seeing Him, hearing Him—then she said nothing to Him at all. She no longer wanted to say anything, or wanted anything except what He chose, or had power to think of anything except that all was well, and everything—everything, as it should be in His hand. It seemed to her that all that she had ever hoped for was fulfilled when she met the look in His eyes. At first it seemed too bright for her to meet, but next moment she knew it was all that was needed to light up the world, and in it everything was clear. Her trembling ceased, her little frame grew inspired; though she still knelt her head rose erect, drawn to Him like the flower to the sun. She could not tell how long it was, nor what was said, nor if it was in words. All that she knew was that she told Him all that ever she had thought, or wished, or intended in all her life, although she said nothing at all; and that He opened all things to her, and showed her that everything was well, and no one forgotten; and that the things she would have told Him of were more near His heart than hers, and those to whom she wanted to be sent were in His own hand. But whether this passed with words or without words she could not tell. Her soul expanded under his eyes like a flower. It opened out, it comprehended and felt and knew. She smote her hands together in her wonder that she could have missed seeing what was so clear, and laughed with a sweet scorn at her folly as two people who love

each other laugh at the little misunderstanding that has parted them. She was bold with Him, though she was so timid by nature, and ventured to laugh at herself, not to reproach herself—for his divine eyes spoke no blame, but smiled upon her folly too. And then He laid a hand upon her head, which seemed to fill her with currents of strength and joy running through all her veins. And then she seemed to come to herself saying loud out, "And that I will! and that I will!" and lo, she was kneeling on the warm soft sod alone, and hearing the sound of his footsteps as He went about His Father's business, filling all the air with echoes of blessing. And all the people who were coming and going smiled upon her, and she knew they were all glad for her that she had seen Him, and got the desire of her heart. Some of them waved their hands as they passed, and some paused a moment and spoke to her with tender congratulations. They seemed to have the tears in their eyes for joy, remembering every one the first time they had themselves seen Him, and the joy of it: so that all about there sounded a concord of happy thoughts all echoing to each other, "She has seen the Lord!"

Why did she say, "And that I will! and that I will!" with such fervour and delight? She could not have told but yet she knew. The first thing was that she had yet to wait and believe until all things should be accomplished, neither doubting nor fearing, but knowing that all should be well; and the second was that she must delay no longer, but rise up and serve the Father according to what was given her as her reward. When she had recovered a little of her rapture she rose from her knees, and stood still for a little to be sure which way she was to go. And she was not aware what guided her, but yet turned her face in the appointed way without any doubt. For doubt was now gone away for ever, and that fear that once gave her so much trouble lest she

might not be doing what was best. As she moved along she wondered at herself more and more. She felt no longer, as at first, like the child she remembered to have been, venturing out in the awful lovely stillness of the morning before any one was awake : but she felt that to move along was a delight, and that her foot scarcely touched the grass, and her whole being was instinct with such lightness of strength and life that it did not matter to her how far she went, nor what she carried, nor if the way was easy or hard. The way she chose was one of those which led to the great gate, and many met her coming from thence, with looks that were somewhat bewildered, as if they did not yet know whither they were going or what had happened to them. Upon whom she smiled as she passed them with soft looks of tenderness and sympathy, knowing what they were feeling, but did not stop to explain to them, because she had something else that had been given her to do. For this is what always follows in that country when you meet the Lord, that you instantly know what it is that He would have you do.

The little Pilgrim thus went on and on towards the gate, which she had not seen when she herself came through it, having been lifted in His arms by the great Death Angel, and set down softly inside, so that she did not know it, or even the shadow of it. As she drew nearer the light became less bright, though very sweet, like a lovely dawn, and she wondered to herself to think that she had been here but a moment ago, and yet so much had passed since then. And still she was not aware what was her errand, but wondered if she was to go back by these same gates, and perhaps return where she had been. She went up to them very closely, for she was curious to see the place through which she had come in her sleep, as a traveller goes back to see the city gate, with its bridge and portcullis, through which he has

passed by night. The gate was very great, of a wonderful, curious architecture, and strange, delicate arches and canopies above. Some parts of them seemed cut very clean and clear ; but the outlines were all softened with a sort of mist and shadow, so that it looked greater and higher than it was. The lower part was not one great doorway as the Pilgrim had supposed, but innumerable doors, all separate, and very narrow, so that but one could pass at a time, though the arch inclosed all, and seemed filled with great folding gates in which the smaller doors were set, so that if need arose a vast opening might be made for many to enter. Of the little doors many were shut as the Pilgrim approached ; but from moment to moment, one after another, would be pushed softly open from without, and some one would come in. The little Pilgrim looked at it all with great interest, wondering which of the doors she had herself come by ; but while she stood absorbed by this, a door was suddenly pushed open close by her, and some one flung forward into the blessed country, falling upon the ground, and stretched out wild arms as though to clutch the very soil. This sight gave the Pilgrim a great surprise, for it was the first time she had heard any sound of pain, or seen any sight of trouble, since she entered here. In that moment she knew what it was that the dear Lord had given her to do. She had no need to pause to think, for her heart told her ; and she did not hesitate as she might have done in the other life, not knowing what to say. She went forward, and gathered this poor creature into her arms, as if it had been a child, and drew her quite within the land of peace—for she had fallen across the threshold, so as to hinder any one entering who might be coming after her. It was a woman, and she had flung herself upon her face, so that it was difficult for the little Pilgrim to see what manner of person it was, for though she felt herself strong

enough to take up this new comer in her arms and carry her away, yet she forbore, seeing the will of the stranger was not so. For some time this woman lay moaning, with now and then a great sob shaking her as she lay. The little Pilgrim had taken her by both her arms, and drawn her head to rest upon her own lap, and was still holding the hands, which the poor creature had thrown out as if to clutch the ground. Thus she lay for a little while, as the little Pilgrim remembered she herself had lain, not wishing to move, wondering what had happened to her; then she clutched the hands which grasped her, and said, muttering—

"You are some one new. Have you come to save me? Oh, save me! Oh, save me! Don't let me die!"

This was very strange to the little Pilgrim, and went to her heart. She soothed the stranger, holding her hands warm and light, and stooping over her.

"Dear," she said, "you must try and not be afraid."

"You say so," said the woman, "because you are well and strong. You don't know what it is to be seized in the middle of your life, and told that you've got to die. Oh, I have been a sinful creature! I am not fit to die. Can't you give me something that will cure me? What is the good of doctors and nurses if they cannot save a poor soul that is not fit to die?"

At this the little Pilgrim smiled upon her, always holding her fast, and said—

"Why are you so afraid to die?"

The woman raised her head to look who it was who put such a strange question to her.

"You are some one new," she said. "I have never seen you before. Is there any one that is not afraid to die? Would *you* like to have to give your account all in a moment, without any time to prepare?"

"But you have had time to prepare," said the Pilgrim.

"Oh, only a very very little time; and I never thought it was true. I am not an old woman, and I am not fit to die; and I'm poor. Oh, if I were rich, I would bribe you to give me something to keep me alive. Won't you do it for pity?—won't you do it for pity? When you are as bad as I am, oh, you will perhaps call for some one to help you, and find nobody, like me."

"I will help you for love," said the little Pilgrim. "Some one who loves you has sent me."

The woman lifted herself up a little and shook her head. "There is nobody that loves me." Then she cast her eyes round her and began to tremble again (for the touch of the little Pilgrim had stilled her). "Oh, where am I?" she said. "They have taken me away; they have brought me to a strange place; and you are new. Oh, where have they taken me?—where am I?—where am I?" she cried. "Have they brought me here to die?"

Then the little Pilgrim bent over her and soothed her. "You must not be so much afraid of dying; that is all over. You need not fear that any more," she said, softly; "for here where you now are we have all died."

The woman started up out of her arms, and then she gave a great shriek that made the air ring, and cried out, "Dead! am I dead?" with a shudder and convulsion, throwing herself again wildly with outstretched hands upon the ground.

This was a great and terrible work for the little Pilgrim—the first she had ever had to do—and her heart failed her for a moment; but afterwards she remembered our Brother who sent her, and knew what was best. She drew closer to the new-comer and took her hand again.

"Try," she said, in soft voice, "and think a little. Do you feel now so ill as you were? Do not be frightened, but think a little. I will hold your hand; and look at me; you are not afraid of me."

The poor creature shuddered again,

and then she turned her face and looked doubtfully with great dark eyes dilated, and the brow and cheek so curved and puckered round them that they seemed to glow out of deep caverns. Her face was full of anguish and fear. But as she looked at the little Pilgrim her troubled gaze softened. Of her own accord she clasped her other hand upon the one that held hers, and then she said with a gasp—

"I am not afraid of you; that was not true that you said? You are one of the sisters, and you want to frighten me and make me repent?"

"You do repent," the Pilgrim said.

"Oh," cried the poor woman, "what has the like of you to do with me? Now I look at you I never saw any one that was like you before. Don't you hate me?—don't you loathe me? I do myself. It's so ugly to go wrong. I think now I would almost rather die and be done with it. You will say that is because I am going to get better. I feel a great deal better now. Do you think I am going to get over it? Oh, I am better! I could get up out of bed and walk about. Yes, but I am not in bed; where have you brought me? Never mind, it is a fine air; I shall soon get well here."

The Pilgrim was silent for a little, holding her hands. And then she said—

"Tell me how you feel now," in her soft voice.

The woman had sat up and was gazing round her. "It is very strange," she said; "it is all confused. I think upon my mother and the old prayers I used to say. For a long long time I always said my prayers; but now I've got hardened, they say. Oh, I was once as fresh as any one. It all comes over me now. I feel as if I were young again—just come out of the country. I am sure that I could walk."

The little Pilgrim raised her up, holding her by her hands; and she stood and gazed round about her, making one or two doubtful steps. She was very pale, and the light was

dim; her eyes peered into it with a scared yet eager look. She made another step, then stopped again.

"I am quite well," she said. "I could walk a mile. I could walk any distance. What was that you said? Oh, I tell you I am better! I am not going to die."

"You will never, never die," said the little Pilgrim; "are you not glad it is all over? Oh I was so glad! And all the more you should be glad if you were so much afraid."

But this woman was not glad. She shrank away from her companion, then came close to her again, and gripped her with her hands.

"It is your—fun," she said, "or just to frighten me; perhaps you think it will do me no harm as I am getting so well—you want to frighten me to make me good. But I mean to be good without that—I do!—I do! when one is so near dying as I have been and yet gets better—for I am going to get better? Yes! you know it as well as I."

The little Pilgrim made no reply, but stood by looking at her charge, not feeling that anything was given her to say: and she was so new to this work that there was a little trembling in her lest she should not do everything as she ought. And the woman looked round with those anxious eyes gazing all about. The light did not brighten as it had done when the Pilgrim herself first came to this place. For one thing they had remained quite close to the gate, which no doubt threw a shadow. The woman looked at that, and then turned and looked into the dim morning, and did not know where she was, and her heart was confused and troubled.

"Where are we?" she said. "I do not know where it is; they must have brought me here in my sleep—where are we? How strange to bring a sick woman away out of her room in her sleep! I suppose it was the new doctor," she went on, looking very closely in the little Pilgrim's face, then paused, and drawing a long breath,

said softly, "It has done me good. It is better air—it is—a new kind of cure!"

But though she spoke like this she did not convince herself: her eyes were wild with wondering and fear. She gripped the Pilgrim's arm more and more closely, and trembled, leaning upon her.

"Why don't you speak to me?" she said; "why don't you tell me? Oh I don't know how to live in this place! What do you do?—how do you speak? I am not fit for it. And what are you? I never saw you before nor any one like you. What do you want with me? Why are you so kind to me? Why—why——?"

And here she went off into a murmur of questions. Why? why? always holding fast by the little Pilgrim, always gazing round her, groping as it were in the dimness with her great eyes.

"I have come because our dear Lord who is our Brother sent me to meet you, and because I love you," the little Pilgrim said.

"Love me!" the woman cried, throwing up her hands, "but no one loves me. I have not deserved it." Here she grasped her close again with a sudden clutch, and cried out, "If this is what you say, where is God?"

"Are you afraid of Him?" the little Pilgrim said.

Upon which the woman trembled so that the Pilgrim trembled too with the quivering of her frame—then loosed her hold and fell upon her face, and cried—

"Hide me! Hide me! I have been a great sinner. Hide me that He may not see me," and with one hand tried to draw the Pilgrim's dress as a veil between her and something she feared.

"How should I hide you from Him who is everywhere? and why should I hide you from your Father?" the little Pilgrim said. This she said almost with indignation, wondering that any one could put more trust in her, who was no better than a child,

than in the Father of all. But then she said, "Look in your heart and you will see you are not so much afraid as you think. This is how you have been accustomed to frighten yourself. But look now into your heart. You thought you were very ill at first, but not now: and you think you are afraid: but look in your heart——"

There was a silence, and then the woman raised her head with a wonderful look in which there was amazement and doubt, as if she had heard some joyful thing but dared not yet believe that it was true. Once more she hid her face in her hands, and once more raised it again. Her eyes softened, a long sigh or gasp, like one taking breath after drowning, shook her breast. Then she said, "I think—that is true. But if I am not afraid it is because I am—bad. It is because I am hardened. Oh, should not I fear Him who can send me away into—the lake that burns—into the pit——" And here she gave a great cry, but held the little Pilgrim all the while with her eyes, which seem to plead and ask for better news.

Then there came into the Pilgrim's heart what to say, and she took the woman's hand again and held it between her own. "That is the change," she said, "that comes when we come here. We are not afraid any more of our Father. We are not all happy. Perhaps you will not be happy at first. But if He says to you, go—even to that place you speak of—you will know that it is well, and you will not be afraid. You are not afraid now—oh, I can see it in your eyes. You are not happy, but you are not afraid. You know it is the Father. Do not say God, that is far off—Father!" said the little Pilgrim, holding up the woman's hand clasped in her own. And there came into her soul an ecstasy, and tears that were tears of blessedness fell from her eyes, and all about her there seemed to shine a light. When she came to herself, the woman who was her charge had come quite close to her, and had added her

other hand to that the Pilgrim held, and was weeping, and saying "I am not afraid," with now and then a gasp and sob, like a child who after a passion of tears has been consoled, yet goes on sobbing and cannot quite forget, and is afraid to own that all is well again. Then the Pilgrim kissed her, and bade her rest a little, for even she herself felt shaken, and longed for a little quiet and to feel the true sense of the peace that was in her heart. She sat down beside her upon the ground and made her lean her head against her shoulder, and thus they remained very still for a little time, saying no more. It seemed to the little Pilgrim that her companion had fallen asleep, and perhaps it was so, after so much agitation. All this time there had been people passing, entering by the many doors. And most of them paused a little to see where they were, and looked round them, then went on; and it seemed to the little Pilgrim that according to the doors by which they entered each took a different way. While she watched, another came in by the same door as that at which the woman who was her charge had come in. And he too stumbled and looked about him with an air of great wonder and doubt. When he saw her seated on the ground, he came up to her hesitating as one in a strange place who does not want to betray that he is bewildered and has lost his way. He came with a little pretence of smiling, though his countenance was pale and scared, and said, drawing his breath quick, "I ought to know where I am, but I have lost my head, I think. Will you tell me which is—the way?"

"What way?" cried the little Pilgrim, for her strength was gone from her, and she had no word to say to him. He looked at her with that bewilderment on his face, and said, "I find myself strange, strange. I ought to know where I am; but it is scarcely daylight yet. It is perhaps foolish to come out so early in the morning."

This he said in his confusion, not knowing where he was, nor what he said.

"I think all the ways lead to our Father," said the little Pilgrim (though she had not known this till now). "And the dear Lord walks about them all. Here you never go astray."

Upon this the stranger looked at her, and asked in a faltering voice, "Are you an angel?" still not knowing what he said.

"Oh, no, no. I am only a Pilgrim," she replied.

"May I sit by you a little?" said the man. He sat down drawing long breaths as though he had gone through great fatigue; and looked about with wondering eyes. "You will wonder, but I do not know where I am," he said. "I feel as if I must be dreaming. This is not where I expected to come. I looked for something very different; do you think there can have been any—mistake?"

"Oh, never that," she said; "there are no mistakes here."

Then he looked at her again, and said—

"I perceive that you belong to this country, though you say you are a pilgrim. I should be grateful if you would tell me. Does one live—here? And is this all? Is there no—no—? but I don't know what word to use. All is so strange, different from what I expected."

"Do you know that you have died?"

"Yes—yes, I am quite acquainted with that," he said, hurriedly, as if it had been an idea he disliked to dwell upon. "But then I expected—Is there no one to tell you where to go, or what you are to be—? or to take any notice of you?"

The little Pilgrim was startled by this tone. She did not understand its meaning, and she had not any word to say to him. She looked at him with as much bewilderment as he had shown when he approached her, and replied, faltering—

"There are a great many people

here; but I have never heard if there is any one to tell you——"

"What does it matter how many people there are if you know none of them?" he said.

"We all know each other," she answered him: but then paused and hesitated a little, because this was what had been said to her, and of herself she was not assured of it, neither did she know at all how to deal with this stranger, to whom she had not any commission. It seemed that he had no one to care for him, and the little Pilgrim had a sense of compassion, yet of trouble, in her heart: for what could she say? And it was very strange to her to see one who was not content here.

"Ah, but there should be some one to point out the way, and tell us which is our circle, and where we ought to go," he said. And then he too was silent for a while, looking about him as all were fain to do on their first arrival, finding everything so strange. There were people coming in at every moment, and some were met at the very threshold, and some went away alone with peaceful faces, and there were many groups about talking together in soft voices; but no one interrupted the other, and though so many were there, each voice was as clear as if it had spoken alone, and there was no tumult of sound as when many people assemble together in the lower world.

The little Pilgrim wondered to find herself with the woman resting upon her on one side, and the man seated silent on the other, neither having, it appeared, any guide but only herself who knew so little. How was she to lead them in the paths which she did not know?—and she was exhausted by the agitation of her struggle with the woman whom she felt to be her charge. But in this moment of silence she had time to remember the face of the Lord, when He gave her this commission, and her heart was strengthened. The man all this time sat and watched,

looking eagerly all about him, examining the faces of those who went and came: and sometimes he made a little start as if to go and speak to some one he knew; but always drew back again and looked at the little Pilgrim, as if he had said, "This is the one who will serve me best." He spoke to her again after a while and said, "I suppose you are one of the guides that show the way."

"No," said the little Pilgrim, anxiously, "I know so little! It is not long since I came here. I came in the early morning——"

"Why, it is morning now. You could not come earlier than it is now. You mean yesterday."

"I think," said the Pilgrim, "that yesterday is the other side; there is no yesterday here."

He looked at her with the keen look he had, to understand her the better; and then he said—

"No division of time! I think that must be monotonous. It will be strange to have no night; but I suppose one gets used to everything. I hope though there is something to do. I have always lived a very busy life. Perhaps this is just a little pause before we go—to be—to have—to get our—appointed place."

He had an uneasy look as he said this, and looked at her with an anxious curiosity, which the little Pilgrim did not understand.

"I do not know," she said softly, shaking her head. "I have so little experience. I have not been told of an appointed place."

The man looked at her very strangely.

"I did not think," he said, "that I should have found such ignorance here. Is it not well known that we must all appear before the judgment seat of God?"

These words seemed to cause a trembling in the still air, and the woman on the other side raised herself suddenly up, clasping her hands: and some of those who had just entered

heard the words, and came and crowded about the little Pilgrim, some standing, some falling down upon their knees, all with their faces turned towards her. She who had always been so simple and small, so little used to teach; she was frightened with the sight of all these strangers crowding, hanging upon her lips, looking to her for knowledge. She knew not what to do or what to say. The tears came into her eyes.

"Oh," she said, "I do not know anything about a judgment seat. I know that our Father is here, and that when we are in trouble we are taken to Him to be comforted, and that our dear Lord our Brother is among us every day, and every one may see Him. Listen," she said, standing up suddenly among them, feeling strong as an angel. "I have seen Him! though I am nothing, so little as you see, and often silly, never clever as some of you are, I have seen Him! and so will all of you. There is no more that I know of," she said softly, clasping her hands. "When you see Him it comes into your heart what you must do."

And then there was a murmur of voices about her, some saying that was best, and some wondering if that were all, and some crying if He would but come now—while the little Pilgrim stood among them with her face shining, and they all looked at her, asking her to tell them more, to show them how to find Him. But this was far above what she could do, for she too was not much more than a stranger, and had little strength. She would not go back a step, nor desert those who were so anxious to know, though her heart fluttered almost as it had used to do before she died, what with her longing to tell them, and knowing that she had no more to say.

But in that land it is never permitted that one who stands bravely and fails not shall be left without succour; for it is no longer needful

there to stand even to death, since all dying is over, and all souls are tested. When it was seen that the little Pilgrim was thus surrounded by so many that questioned her, there suddenly came about her many others from the brightness out of which she had come, who, one going to one hand, and one to another, safely led them into the ways in which their course lay: so that the Pilgrim was free to lead forth the woman who had been given her in charge, and whose path lay in a dim, but pleasant country, outside of that light and gladness in which the Pilgrim's home was.

"But," she said, "you are not to fear or be cast down, because He goes likewise by these ways, and there is not a corner in all this land but He is to be seen passing by; and He will come and speak to you, and lay His hand upon you; and afterwards everything will be clear, and you will know what you are to do."

"Stay with me till He comes—oh, stay with me," the woman cried, clinging to her arm.

"Unless another is sent," the little Pilgrim said. And it was nothing to her that the air was less bright there, for her mind was full of light, so that, though her heart still fluttered a little with all that had passed, she had no longing to return, nor to shorten the way, but went by the lower road sweetly, with the stranger hanging upon her, who was stronger and taller than she. Thus they went on, and the Pilgrim told her all she knew, and everything that came into her heart. And so full was she of the great things she had to say, that it was a surprise to her, and left her trembling, when suddenly the woman took away her clinging hand, and flew forward with arms outspread and a cry of joy. The little Pilgrim stood still to see, and on the path before them was a child, coming towards them singing, with a look such as is never seen but upon the faces

of children who have come here early, and who behold the face of the Father, and have never known fear nor sorrow. The woman flew and fell at the child's feet, and he put his hand upon her, and raised her up, and called her "mother." Then he smiled upon the little Pilgrim, and led her away.

"Now she needs me no longer," said the Pilgrim; and it was a surprise to her, and for a moment she wondered in herself if it was known that this child should come so suddenly and her work be over; and also how she was to return again to the sweet place among the flowers from which she had come. But when she turned to look if there was any way, she found One standing by such as

she had not yet seen. This was a youth, with a face just touched with manhood, as at the moment when the boy ends, when all is still fresh and pure in the heart; but he was taller and greater than a man.

"I am sent," he said, "little sister, to take you to the Father: because you have been very faithful, and gone beyond your strength."

And he took the little Pilgrim by the hand, and she knew he was an angel; and immediately the sweet air melted about them into light, and a hush came upon her of all thought and all sense, attending till she should receive the blessing, and her new name, and see what is beyond telling, and hear and understand:—

MRS. SIDDONS AS QUEEN KATHARINE, MRS. BEVERLEY,
AND LADY RANDOLPH.

FROM CONTEMPORARY NOTES BY GEORGE JOSEPH BELL.

THE late Professor Bell's notes on Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth,¹ were received with an interest which more than justifies the publication of his remarks on the part of Katharine, as played by the great actress. No other part played by Mrs. Siddons was annotated by Professor Bell in the thorough manner adopted by him when witnessing her Lady Macbeth and Queen Katharine. He left, however, some notes on her Mrs. Beverley and Lady Randolph, concerning which a few words may be said before speaking of Shakespeare's play.

Home's *Douglas*, though known to all by name, is so little read that a sketch of the plot is necessary to make Professor Bell's remarks intelligible to the general reader. Lady Randolph was secretly married in early youth to one of a family at feud with her own, a Douglas, who was killed in battle three weeks after the marriage. The widow bore a son, but this infant, whose birth had been concealed, disappeared with his nurse, and his mother believes him to be dead. He, young Norval of the Grampian Hills, was however saved, and has been brought up in ignorance of his birth. Lady Randolph did not inform her second husband, Lord Randolph, of her first marriage, and explained her continual melancholy by attributing it to grief for the death of a brother. At the period when the play begins, young Norval is fortunate enough to save the life of his stepfather, Lord Randolph, who introduces him to his unknown mother and promotes him to an honourable command. In the course

of the play the mother recognises her son, and makes herself known to him. The intimacy which results enables a villain, Glenalvon, so to poison the mind of Lord Randolph with jealousy as to cause him to attempt the youth's life. Young Norval or Douglas, while defending himself against Lord Randolph, is wounded to death by the villain, and dies in his mother's presence. She in despair commits suicide. In accordance with the taste of the day, neither combat nor suicide takes place before the audience.

Although much of the sentiment in this play is expressed in language which nowadays provokes a smile, an actress may find great scope for her art in presenting the feelings of the mother, who gradually acquires the certainty that her child still lives, and is the gallant youth who has already shown himself worthy of her love.

Professor Bell's notes, while sufficient to convince us that Mrs. Siddons could express great tenderness and strong affection, no less than the sterner emotions with which her name is more commonly connected, lack the precision by which, in writing of Shakespeare's plays, he enables us in some measure to understand the means she employed. Referring to the wish expressed by the lady that every soldier of the two opposing armies might return in "peace and safety to his pleasant home," he writes:—

"The most musical sound I ever heard, and on the conclusion a melancholy recollection seemed to fill her whole soul of the strength of that wish in former times, and of its first disappointment."

Again, where Lady Randolph ad-

¹ *Nineteenth Century*, February, 1878.

dresses Sincerity as the first of virtues, the note says :—

"Fine apostrophe. Her fine eyes raised in tears to heaven, her hands stretched out and elevated."

At the close of the well-known speech beginning, "My name is Norval," the following remark is appended :—

"The idea of her own child seems to have been growing, and at this point overwhelms her and fills her eyes with tears. Beautiful acting of this sweet feeling throughout these speeches. The interest she takes in the youth,—her manifest retrospection."

The by-play of Lady Randolph throughout the long speeches of her husband and son was obviously the centre of interest to the spectator, and ended in what is called

"A great and affecting burst of affection and interest, as if she had already almost identified him with her son, or adopted him to supply the loss."

Answering Norval, who assures her that he will never be unworthy of the favour shown him, Lady Randolph says :—

"I will be sworn thou wilt not. Thou shalt be my knight."

The words printed in italics were underlined by Professor Bell.

Lady Randolph explains to her confidante that while Norval spoke she thought that, had the son of Douglas lived, he might have resembled this young gallant stranger.

Professor Bell writes :—

"It is this she has been acting during the preceding scene."

There are no further notes on this play, nothing to guide us as to the manner in which Mrs. Siddons said the famous "Was he alive?" when a certain old man describes the finding of her infant son, who turns out to be Norval.

When we read Home's *Douglas* we may feel a certain interest in our ancestors who liked it, but Moore's *Gamester* awakens a feeling of loathing which extends even to the audience which can endure the degrading spec-

tacle. The character of Lady Randolph is far from noble: this woman, who deceives her parents and husband, who lost her child and held her tongue, who has maundered through life for twenty years nursing her melancholy and despising all good things present, because they are not better things past, belongs to no heroic type.

We cannot admire her indifference to the excellent husband who after twenty years of married life still sues in vain for

"Decent affection and complacent kindness."

But Lady Randolph's well-bred coldness is preferable to Mrs. Beverley's form of love. Says Mrs. Beverley: "All may be well yet. When he has nothing to lose, I shall fetter him in these arms again; and then what is it to be poor?" Professor Bell adds—

"Such a speech as this the wonderful voice of Mrs. Siddons and her speaking eye make very affecting."

Surely no one but a Mrs. Siddons could do so.

An old servant offers to sacrifice his little fortune to the much-loved gamester who has been out all night for the first time: he proposes to go to him and if possible to bring him home. Mrs. Beverley says, "Do so, then; but take care how you upbraid him—I have never upbraided him." There is a note here :—

"Follows him to the door; then laying her hand on his arm detains him with an earnest look, and then speaks solemnly."

The lady uses much the same language to her husband's sister Charlotte, and Professor Bell notes :—

"She repeats an injunction she had given to Jarvis, more familiarly but with equal earnestness, with more sorrow and less of dignity; then crossing the stage to go out, she bows kindly to Charlotte; then, with her finger up and a fine look of determination, leaves her."

In a subsequent scene the husband has come home, and his honest friend Jewson tries to open his eyes to the

machinations of the villain Stukeley by telling what a bad boy he had been at school. Mrs. Siddons, who listens, is described thus :—

"She stands with riveted attention. She is behind at a little distance. The earnest and piercing look of her eyes, the simplicity of her attitude, is perfect nature."

The gamester replies to his honest friend : "You are too busy, sir." Mrs. Beverley rejoins : "No, not too busy ; mistaken, perhaps—that had been milder." The note on this runs :—

"Comes up to Beverley with a hasty anxiety and hurried voice, alarm and kind reproach in her look and manner."

The notes on the *Gamester* end here.

We are nowadays happily delivered from the false sentiment which required the ideal woman to love the more, the more she was ill-treated. We are rather in danger of shutting our eyes to the real beauty of patient Grisylde, the original of many copies, mostly, like Mrs. Beverley, caricatures. Chaucer's Grisylde fawns unpleasantly, but in the story of Griselda as Boccaccio tells it, we find a very noble woman who thought herself of so small account in this great world, that she claimed nothing, while she held herself bound in all things to do her best. Her goodness is above all strong, whereas Mrs. Beverley is above all weak ; her husband ruins, cheats, insults her, and she simply dotes on him all the time with slavish animal affection. No play can, however, be successful which has not some merit, and it is easy to recognise that in the conduct of the plot Moore shows skill, in so far that each scene reveals a deeper and deeper misery.

In Queen Katharine, Shakespeare has shown to what extent a woman of heroic mould might continue to love a husband who had mortally wronged her, and how fully the same woman could be just to a fallen enemy. Katharine, unlike Mrs. Beverley, is both good and strong.

Professor Bell wrote as follows on the fly-leaf of *King Henry the Eighth* :—

"Mrs. Siddons's Queen Katharine is a perfect picture of a great, dignified, somewhat impatient spirit, conscious of rectitude, and adorned with every generous and every domestic virtue."

"Her dignified contempt of Wolsey when comparing her own royal descent, her place and title as queen, her spotless honour, with the mean arts and machinations by which this man was driving her into the toils and breaking in upon her happiness ; her high spirit and impatient temper ; the energies of a strong and virtuous mind guarding the King at all hazards from popular discontent and defending her own fame with eloquence and dignity ; her energy subdued, but her queen-like dignity unimpaired by sickness ; and the candour and goodness of her heart in her dying conversation concerning her great enemy—all this, beautifully painted by Mrs. Siddons, making this one of the finest female characters in the English drama."

Our notes begin with the entrance of the Queen. The text, as before, is that of Mrs. Inchbald. The words on which the emphasis fell are underlined in the notes and are here printed in italics. An acute accent marks a word on which the voice was raised in pitch ; a grave accent marks a word on which the voice fell.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

Enter the QUEEN, ushered by GUILDFORD, who places a cushion on which she kneels. The KING rises, takes her up, and places her by him.

King. Rise.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel ; I am a suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by us :—half your suit

Never name to us ; you have half our power ; The other moiety, ere you ask, is given ; Repeat your will, and take it.¹

Queen. Thank your Majesty.

That you would love yourself, and, in that love,

Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor The dignity of your office, is the point Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am solicited, not by a few, And those of true condition, that your subjects

¹ Rises and sits by him. Then, in a composed and dignified tone, addresses him, very articulate and very earnest.

Are in great grievance : there have been commissions

Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the heart

Of all their loyalties :—wherein, although, My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches Most bitterly' on you, as putter-on Of these exactions, yet the king our master (*Whose honour heaven shield from soil !*¹) even he escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks The sides of loyalty, and almost appears In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears— It doth appear : for, upon these taxations, The clothiers all, not able to maintain The many to them 'longing, have put off The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who, Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger, And lack of other means, in desperate manner Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,

And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation ! Wherein ? and what taxation ?—My lord cardinal,

You that are blam'd for it alike with us, Know you of this taxation ?

Wol. Please you, sir, I know but of a single part in aught Pertains to the state ; and front but in that file

Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my lord, You know no more than others :² but you frame

Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome

To those which would not know them, and yet must

Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions

Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are

Most pestilent to the hearing ; and to bear them

The back is sacrifice to the load. They say They are devis'd by you ; or else you suffer Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction ! The nature of it ? In what kind, let's know, Is this exaction ?

Queen. ³ I am much too venturous In tempting of your patience ; but am bolden'd

Under your promis'd pardon.⁴ ⁴ The subjects' grief

Comes through commissions, which compel from each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied Without delay ; and the pretence for this

Is nam'd, your wars in France :⁵ this makes bold mouths :

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze

Allegiance in them ; their curses now Live where their prayers did ; and it's come to pass,

This tractable obedience is a slave To each incensed will. ⁶ I would your highness Would give it quick consideration,

King. By my life, This is against our pleasure.

The notes cease until the surveyor of the Duke of Buckingham enters, to whom Wolsey speaks :—

Wol. Stand forth ; and with bold spirit relate what you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

⁶ *Surv.* First, it was usual with him—every day

It would infect his speech—that if the king Should without issue die, he'd carry it so To make the sceptre his : these very words I have heard him utter to his son-in-law, Lord Abergavenny ; to whom by oath he menac'd Revenge upon the cardinal.⁶

Wol. Please your highness, note This dangerous conception in this point.

Not friended by his wish, to your high person His will is most malignant ; and it stretches Beyond you, to your friends.

Queen. ⁷ My learn'd lord cardinal, Deliver all with charity.⁷

King. Speak on : How grounded he his title to the crown,

Upon our fail ! to this point hast thou heard him

At any time speak aught ?

The Surveyor continues to give his evidence, stating that a Chartreux friar had prophesied to the Duke that he should govern England. Then the Queen intervenes :—

*Queen.*⁸ If I know you well, You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office

¹ Tenderly and religiously.

² Mildly, but very decidedly accusing him.

³ Gracious apology.

⁴ Very articulate and clear.

⁵ Very earnest.

⁶ She hears all this with a dignified, judge-like aspect, often darting a keen look of inquiry at the witness and the cardinal.

⁷ A grand sustained voice. The emphasis on "charity" strong.

⁸ A very penetrating look. Looks very steadfastly and seriously in his face for some time, then speaks.

On the complaint o' the tenants, ¹ take good heed

*You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed.*¹
King. Go forward.

The Surveyor continues his evidence, and states that Buckingham had said that if he had been committed to the Tower he would have put a knife into the King; on which the King exclaims—

King. A giant traitor!

Vol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,

And this man out of prison?

Queen.

God mend all!²

This scene shortly ends. Mrs. Siddons in this scene evidently brought into strong relief the intellect and power of the Queen as well as her rectitude. In the fourth scene of the second act the Queen enters, called into the court at Blackfriars. The clerk of the court says "Katharine, Queen of England, come into the court." Again Guildford precedes the Queen with a cushion, and again she kneels.

ACT II. SCENE 4.

Queen. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,

And to bestow your pity on me; for I am a most poor woman, and a stranger, Born out of your dominions; having here No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance Of equal friendship and proceeding.³ [*She rises.*]

⁴ Alas, sir, In what have I offended you? what cause Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure, That thus you should proceed to put me off, And take your good grace from me?⁴

⁵ Heaven witness, I have been to you a true and humble wife, At all times to your will conformable.⁵

⁶ Sir, call to mind That I have been your wife, in this obedience,

¹ The second part of this speech very severe tone of remonstrance. Grand swell on "and spoil your nobler soul." "I say," &c., very emphatic.

² A long emphasis, intimating that the Cardinal and his designs were known to her.

³ A most sweet and gracious prelude, yet no departure from her dignity.

⁴ Remonstrance, dignified, without any bitterness.

⁵ Earnest protestation.

⁶ Dignified confidence in her own innocence.

Upward of twenty years, and have been blest With many children by you: if, in the course And process of this time, you can report, And prove it too, against mine honour aught, My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, Against your sacred person, 'in God's name, Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt Shut door upon me, and so give me up To the sharpest kind of justice.'⁶ ⁷ Please

you, sir,

The king, your father, was reputed for A prince' most prudent, of an excellent And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,

My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many

A year before: it is not to be question'd That they had gather'd a wise council to them Of every realm, that did debate this business, Who deem'd our marriage lawful: wherefore

I humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel

I will implore; if not, I the name of God, Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Vol.

⁸ You have here, lady (And of your choice), these reverend fathers; men

Of singular integrity and learning, Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless,

That longer you desire the court; as well

For your own quiet, as to rectify

What is unsettled in the king.

Cam.

⁹ His grace Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,

It's fit this royal session do proceed; And that, without delay, their arguments Be now produc'd and heard. [¹⁰ CAMPEIUS rises.]

Queen.

Lord Cardinal,

To you I speak.

Vol.

Your pleasure, madam?

Queen.

Sir, I am about to weep; but, thinking that

⁷ Pause. A new division of the discourse. The argument beautifully spoken, very distinct.

⁸ This response taken by her with great impatience, very indignant at his interference.

⁹ Surprise and grief when the legate speaks thus.

¹⁰ When Campeius comes to her she turns from him impatiently; then makes a sweet bow of apology, but dignified. Then to Wolsey, turned and looking from him, with her hand pointing back to him, in a voice of thunder, "to you I speak." This too loud perhaps; you must recollect her insulted dignity and impatience of spirit before fully sympathising with it.

We are a queen ¹ (or long have dream'd so),¹ certain

The daughter of a king,² my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Queen. ³ I will, when you are humble; nay,
before,

Or God will punish me.³ ⁴ I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my chal-
lenge.

You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
Which God's dew quench!⁴⁻⁵ Therefore, I
say again,

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge:⁵ whom, yet once
more,

⁶ I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.⁶

Wol. ⁷ I do profess

You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the
effects

Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do
me wrong:

I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You
charge me

That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you; the which
before

His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speak-
ing,

And to say so no more.

Queen.⁸ My lord, my lord,
I am a single woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. ⁹ You're meek and
humble-mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, in full
seeming

With meekness and humility; but your heart
is cramm'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride.⁹
You have, by fortune and his highness'
favours,

Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are
mounted

Where powers are your retainers; and your
words,

Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell
you,

You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual: that again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

She curtsies to the KING, and offers to depart.
Cam.

The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by 't; 'tis not well
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine, queen of England, come
into the court.

Grief. Madam, you are called back.

Queen. ¹⁰ What need you note it? pray you,
keep your way:

When you are call'd, return.¹⁰⁻¹¹ Now the
Lord help,

They vex me past my patience! ¹¹—Pray you,
pass on:

¹² I will not tarry: ¹² no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[Exit GUILDFORD and the QUEEN.]

Professor Bell was as good a hearer
as actor or actress need hope for.

The scene in the fourth act where
Katharine is discovered sick unto death
is prefaced with these remarks:—

"Mrs. Siddons in this scene admirable in
simplicity and pathos. No affectation, not a
more complete deception in dramatic art than
this of the sickness of Katharine. The voice
subdued to softness, humility, and sweet calm-
ness. The soul too much exhausted to endure
or risk great emotion. The flash of indigna-
tion of her former spirit very fine at Guild-
ford's interruption."

Unfortunately there is only one
more remark; it is appended to

¹ Great contempt in this parenthesis.

² Very dignified.

³ Great contempt. Her voice swelled, but
monotonous.

⁴ Very distinct articulate charge against him.

⁵ Great swell.

⁶ "I hold," &c., very pointed. "Not at
all," &c., syllabic and most impressive.

⁷ Great impatience and contempt during
this speech of Wolsey.

⁸ Breaking impatiently through his speech.

⁹ Contempt. Contrast strong between
"mouthed" and "heart."

¹⁰ Very impatient, angry, and loud.

¹¹ Peevish expression.

¹² Strong determination.

Katharine's verdict on Wolsey, which in Mrs. Inchbald's edition runs as follows :—

Queen. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !
Yet thus far, Cromwell, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity.—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes.
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Professor Bell says of this :—

“ Beautifully spoken, with some mixture of energy ; but the subdued voice throughout.”

Probably the writer was too much affected by this scene to be able to make minute critical observations.

Of Mrs. Siddons's readings, Professor Bell says :—

“ Mrs. Siddons in her readings was like the tragic muse. She sat on a chair raised on a small platform, and the look and posture which always presents itself to me is that with which she contemplates the figure of Hamlet's ghost. Her eyes elevated, her head a little drawn back and inclined upwards, her fine countenance filled with reverential awe and horror, and the chilling whisper scarcely audible but horrible. Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture of Mrs. Siddons as the tragic muse gives a perfect conception of the general effect of her look and figure in these readings.

“ In her readings the under parts, which in acting are given offensively by some vile player, were read with a beauty and grace of utterance which was like the effect of very fine musical recitation, while the higher parts were the grand and moving airs. It was like a fine composition in painting : the general groundwork simple, the parts for effect raised and touched by a master's hand.

“ In the higher parts it was like the finest acting. The looks, the tones, the rapid hurry of the tumultuous emotions, the chilling whisper of horror, the scream of high-wrought passion, were given less strongly, but as affecting as on the stage.

“ The comic touches were light and pretty, but she has no comic power.

“ The graceful and sweet parts were quite enchanting. The mellow subdued voice of sorrow, to give variety, she kept much in whisper—very audible notwithstanding. Her whisper is more audible and intelligible than the loudest ranting of an ordinary player.

“ She read *Hamlet* and the *Merchant of Venice*. *Lear*, I think, should be read by her, not acted.”

There is special mention of her manner when reading Hamlet's speech beginning

“ Angels and ministers of grace defend us.”

“ Mrs. Siddons in reading gave, by her look of reverential awe and chilling whisper of horror, more fully the idea of a ghost's presence than any spectral illusion on the stage.

“ This was a whispered speech throughout, growing in energy and confidence as other ideas took the place of the first startle of horror and dismay. Kean speaks too loudly and boldly, not enough as in the withering presence of a supernatural being. The first line should be a whisper of horror, with a long pause before venturing to address the phantom.”

It is believed that Sir Charles Bell made notes similar in character to those now published ; but if so the books have been mislaid. There is a curious passage in a letter from him to his brother, dated the 10th of June 1809, in which he says :—

“ Jeffrey saw my *Shakespeare* and liked it much, and talked to Mrs. Siddons about it. I said I intended some time to take a good play and make it so *in fancy*. He said he should like to do so too. He saw your pencillings in the margin : not knowing whether you would like it, and not knowing what they were, I told him they were all mine ; so perhaps his liking this kind of thing was owing to you. Do not forget to pursue it.”

This appropriation by one man of another's work, reads oddly, though it is an indication of the absolute confidence of one brother in the other. We may all feel glad that Professor G. J. Bell did pursue the plan, and wish he had pursued it further.

In reading of Mrs. Siddons one cannot but regret that her genius should have been employed in representing a Mrs. Beverley or even a Lady Randolph. It is a standing reproach to our literature that outside the roll of Shakespeare's characters a great actor can hardly find a great part. When we reflect that West and Haydon have been followed at no

distant time by Millais, Leighton, Burne-Jones, and Watt, we cannot but hope that in a sister art a similar revival may occur. The time seems ripe, for the novel is in decadence, and coming writers must win distinction in a new field. A man who has sufficient talent to make a good novel would probably succeed in writing a good play if he went to work in the right way; but the art of the playwright has not been studied by our leading authors for many generations. This art is that of selecting proper subjects for stage representation and giving them such a form as will enable the actors to move their audience. The success of a play in stirring an audience depends less than is usually supposed on style, on the delineation of character, or even on the invention of an ingenious and probable plot. Plays succeed which are glaringly defective in all these respects; for instance, the *Lady of Lyons*. The one necessary condition for success is that the scene represented shall move the audience; the emotion may be sad or merry, noble or ignoble, but emotion there must be. If this element be wanting, no depth of thought, no beauty of language, no variety of incidents will save the play. The skilled playwright knows what scenes will stir the hearers, and how best to frame each scene and the whole play with this purpose. If with this knowledge he possesses originality of conception and beauty of style, his plays become part of the literature of his country; without these higher qualities he remains a mere playwright, but we go to see his plays, built up as they are of old worn-out materials. The playwright is familiar with the materials used in his art; he knows the stage well on both sides of the footlights; he mixes with actors, managers, stage-managers, scene-painters, and stage-carpenters. From Æschylus downwards, all great dramatists have had this practical knowledge of the instruments at their

command. A drama should be written for the stage, as a song should be written to be sung. The author must subconsciously—if such a word may be used—have the stage always in mind: the exits, the entrances, the time required to cross the stage, the positions of the actors, their very attitudes and dress. No author provides more admirably for all these stage exigencies than Shakespeare, as any one may see who will consider his inimitable contrivances for removing dead bodies from the stage. There is no doubt a danger that those who become familiar with stage-machinery may content themselves with remodeling the old puppets, rearranging stock incidents, and repatching old rags to produce good guaranteed old stage effects; but a man of real talent would not be misled by the Mr. Worldly Wiseman of the stage.

We may learn much from French practice as to the framework of a drama. A great part of the success which is certainly achieved by modern French plays depends on the art shown in their construction. M. F. Legouvé, who is a skilful playwright, tells us frankly how a Frenchman proceeds. First, he chooses or conceives the situation which is to be the crisis of the play: from this he works backwards, considering how that situation is to be brought about, and what characters will be necessary for the purpose. His first act is devoted wholly to informing the audience of the relations between the characters at the beginning of the piece; his second act develops the plot; in his third act the plot thickens; his fourth act contains the crisis for which the play is written, and his fifth act gives the solution of the knot which has been tied in the fourth act.

These rules seem rather barren, but we shall see their significance if we consider what other courses may be followed.

A writer may begin by inventing an ingenious or interesting plot, or by

choosing some historical period which he will dramatise, or by conceiving some marked characters whose feelings and thoughts he will expound. M. Legouvé tells us that none of these is the French method; that for the French author the motive of the play is essentially one situation; that his characters are chosen so as to make this situation tell, and that his plot is a matter for after-consideration, devised so as to reveal the characters of the persons and lead up to the crisis. Shakespeare did not work in this way, but in this one matter of construction it may be worth while to listen to maxims derived from the study of plays which in all other respects are greatly inferior to his. Moreover these maxims are ultimately derived from the practice of Sophocles, no mean master.

The French, following the Greeks in this, look on a play as a representation of feelings rather than of actions. The incidents which occasion the feelings, and the actions they lead to, are alike kept in the background in French as in Greek plays. Rapid action in a play does not, in France, mean a rapid succession of events, but a rapid development of feeling in the persons of the drama. A scene in which the emotion represented is monotonous, will be dull even if crammed with incidents.

The author who is penetrated with the belief that the aim of the drama is to produce emotion, will be indifferent to beauty of language or of metaphor, to profound philosophy and to brilliant sayings, except when these help to move the audience. He will know that obscurity of language or of thought is fatal to his purpose. The knot, crisis, or motive of his play will be chosen by him to exhibit, not a striking event, but strong feelings. He will so contrive the story leading to the crisis as to exhibit a gradually culminating series of emotions, produced by incidents arranged so as powerfully to affect the personages of

the drama, and through them the audience. The direct action of incidents on the audience is of importance only in that low form of art which aims at stirring the vulgar feeling of curiosity and the vulgar love of gaping.

The most telling play is that in which the feelings naturally exhibited by the persons of the drama are strongest. The greatest play is that which shows the feelings of the noblest men and women. This, in the opinion of Plato and Aristotle, is the object of the drama in its higher form.

Plato, in *The Laws*, after saying that no freeborn man or woman should learn comic songs, grotesque dances, or burlesques, but that it might be well to have these things presented by slaves and hired strangers, in order better to understand by contrast that which is truly beautiful, speaks thus, referring to his ideal city: "If any serious poets, such as write tragedies, should ask us, 'Shall we, O strangers, come to your city and bring our poetry and act it? How stand your laws in this respect?' What answer ought we to give to these divine men? For myself I should reply thus: 'O, most excellent of strangers, we are ourselves, to the utmost of our power, poets of a tragedy the most beautiful and the best; for the whole of our polity consists in an imitation of a life the most beautiful and best, which we may say is in reality the truest tragedy.'" We here see that Plato thought the object of tragedy was to represent the noblest kind of life, and only rejected the imitation as unnecessary where this life itself was to be seen.

Aristotle defined what he meant by a tragedy with greater fulness. He points out that a certain magnitude is necessary in the event represented; that the spectator as he follows the action feels pity and a kind of awe which may be termed fear or terror, and that he comes away from the spectacle chastened and purified. The

first part of his definition requires that the action shall be heroic, or such as represents the thoughts, deeds, and feelings of great men. By the last part of his definition he, like Plato, required that the action should have moral beauty. This does not imply that a play should be didactic, or deal only with the actions of well-behaved persons. The teaching of the dramatist is as the teaching of nature. See these heroes in their strength and their weakness, live with them, and you will learn from them. The function of the tragic poet, from Æschylus to Shakespeare, has been to show us the intense life of heroic men and women at the moment of their trial.

But not all heroic or beautiful actions can be made the subjects of a tragedy. Aristotle points out that the action must be such as will stir certain moral emotions—pity and fear he calls them; but the English words very imperfectly describe the feelings roused by a great tragedy; those feelings give keen pleasure, whereas pity and fear are painful. Sympathy may be a better word; the pleasure is to live a little while greatly with the great ones of the world, to feel their feelings, to experience their passions, to dare, to love, to hate with them, so that for a little while we too are great; but words fail to describe emotions to those who have not felt them. If it be suggested that the sensation experienced while watching a tragedy is rather a feeling *with* the persons of the drama than a feeling *for* them; that when Othello cries out "O the pity of it!" we feel as he feels and what he feels, and are very far indeed from entertaining a pleasant and comfortable pity *for* him; that the strange pleasure depends on our recognition in ourselves of the power to feel as Othello feels, to suffer as he suffers, even to sin as he sins; this suggestion may awaken a memory of what the emotion was in those who have known it, but can explain nothing to others.

The higher and lower forms of the drama differ simply in respect of the character of the feelings awakened. The highest may be our highest moral emotions; the lowest, the lowest animal passions. Either moral or immoral the stage must be, and always has been, for its very existence depends on its action upon this part of our nature.

The morality of a play depends on no exclusion of crime, no enumeration of maxims, no system of rewards or punishments; it flows from the heart of the author and is tested by its action on the audience.

It is in moral grandeur that Shakespeare, Æschylus, and Sophocles stand absolutely pre-eminent. It is to this that Racine and Corneille owe their hold on men. It is by this that the *Misanthrope* claims high rank. It is in this that the modern French stage chiefly fails.

The French dramatic authors of the Second Empire have succeeded in producing living plays, because, besides being skilled playwrights, they do in their works appeal to real and strong feelings. A certain moral poverty alone prevents the school from taking a very high rank. The authors have usually meant well; and if the verdict must be that their moral ideal is always poor and often false, this conclusion is forced upon us by the words and actions rather of their good than of their bad people. Even Victor Hugo's verse cannot make us believe that Ruy Blas is not a poor creature.

Our own writers show no similar moral ineptitude, and since they have created scores of types which in freshness, truth, power, and interest surpass the men and women of French authors, we are driven to the conclusion that if the English do not write great plays it is rather because they do not know how, than that they lack power. Our best authors, when they attempt the drama, seem to be misled by a desire to appeal rather to the intel-

lect or to the æsthetic sense of their hearers than to their moral emotions. If they were to mix with actors on familiar terms they would soon learn the playwright's art; for the actor knows what will succeed upon the stage. An actor calls a part well written when the words and situations are such as enable him powerfully to express strong feelings. He will, if permitted, cut out every line which does not help him in this, his art, and for stage purposes he is right. Charm of style, beauty of metre, wisdom of thought, novelty of character, ingenuity of plot, poetry of conception, all these things may be added to a play with much advantage; but they will not ensure success either singly or all together.

A play which does not move an audience, as neither intellectual nor artistic pleasure ever can move them, must fail upon the stage.

Professor Bell's notes show what he felt when a Siddons acted a Katharine. He was a man of hard intellect, whose dry legal labours still guide shrewd lawyers. He was a man of learning and taste; but when seeing a great actress in a great play, no ingenious theories, no verbal emendations, no philosophical reflections, no analytical remarks occur to him. He records his emotion, and, as far as he can, how that emotion was produced. He may be taken as representing an ideal audience—that which does not comment, but responds to author and to actor.

FLEEMING JENKIN.

FORTUNE'S FOOL.

CHAPTER XXII.

"The hills were brown, the heavens were blue,
 A woodpecker pounded a pine-top shell,
 While a partridge whistled the whole day through
 For a rabbit to dance in the chaparral,
 And a gray grouse drummed 'All's well,
 all's well.'"

In the year 1847, the valley of the Sacramento was, upon the whole, rather deficient in human interest. It was a magnificent country and nothing more. Its sky was not a surface, but an unfathomable depth of living and glowing azure. Its sun blazed with a glorious intensity of brightness. Its transparent nights were tender with a summer that perpetually renewed itself; lit by stars that waxed and flickered like rainbow-tinted flames. Its mountains were dark with pines, and crested here and there with everlasting snow; its dales were gardens of fertility and beauty, watered by rivers rushing blue and white over sparkling sands and veins of quartz. Its precipices sprang aloft a thousand feet at a bound, and dizzy pinnacles of stone shot upward as high again. Its cañons were deep and dark, plunging downwards until it seemed as if they sought the bowels of the earth. Its storms were terrible and titanic, blacketing the heavens, roaring with rain, shivering with blinding lightnings, and cleaving the air with thunderbolts. Its atmosphere was the breath of immortal life—an ethereal wine that made old age feel young, and youth divine. Its sleep was dreamless and its waking joyful. Fat deer and antlered elk wandered tame through the listening forests; the

grizzly, the black bear, and the querulous coyote growled and barked in the thicket, and in the rocky gorges, and along the ridges of the hills. Long-eared hares limped across the glades, crested partridges whistled from the coverts, trout thronged the streams and lakes; the call of the cacka sounded by night from hillside to hillside, while the sweet nuts of the sugar-pine dropped from cones well-nigh a yard in length. It was a carnival of nature in her most vigorous and wholesome mood, but lacking in social polish. The face of the white man was seldom seen in these populous solitudes. A few hunters or cattle-dealers traversed the woodland trails occasionally, coming eastward from the Pacific, or crossing the mountain rampart from Oregon. But there was no symptom as yet of the headlong and feverish colonisation of a year or two later.

Indians there were, of course. But Indians are not people in one sense of the word. They were a grave, wild, silent, ominous race, half mystical enthusiast, and half wild beast. Nothing that can be found nowadays in California can give any idea of the wildness of the Indian of the first half of this century. You could tell them by their seat on horseback as far off as you could see them on the plains; no white man ever sat his horse so. In the Indian's eyes, and in the flattened prominence of the cheek beneath, there was something untamable and alien to eastern civilisation; and the strange grasp of his hand on yours sent a thrill through your blood, as if a bear or a wolf should speak and claim kindred with

you. They knew no forms of greeting, but met and parted like animals or like children, gravely and in silence. You might be aware of their villages by the blue smoke of their wigwams, but not by any noise that came from them. They pondered solemnly in the few lines of thought they cultivated, and were too secure in their conclusions to be disconcerted or surprised at whatever novelty you might unfold to them. They concerned themselves about a future state of existence to an extent that would have disgusted the prosperous positivist of our day and humour; and believed in the happy hunting-grounds more potently than in their material ones even. Their young men saw visions, and their old men dreamed dreams; spirits walked and talked with them; their warriors, on the eve of battle, foretold what fate awaited them, and felt the might of their ancestors nerve the arm that wielded the tomahawk and scalping-knife. Ghosts quelled the courage that mortal foemen could not subdue; and many a stalwart savage cast away his life at the beck of a viewless spectre, whose fancied resentment he would rather perish than arouse. Strange men they were, whose mystery no seer nor poet has wholly fathomed; and now all save the effigy of them is extinct. As little do we know whence they came as whither they have gone. Wild, dark, solemn, the procession passes before our eyes, and the light of modern times rests upon it for a moment; but its origin and its issue are alike lost in mysterious shadows of surmise and doubt.

Before the face of the white man the Indian retires and dwindles, aware of a fatal inferiority. When driven to fight him, he does so by surprises and treachery, as becomes one struggling against a superior and uncomprehended power; and when he gets his enemy down, he is careful to scalp him, lest the unconquered ghost should get the better of him after all. But if

the American Indian had invaded Europe instead of the contrary, he would have proved himself the most tractable and good-natured invader known to history. For it is probable that he does not enjoy being killed for its own sake; only, when he has to confront extermination in any case, he prefers to do so fighting, from motives of self-respect. Meanwhile, upon reasonable grounds, he is capable of becoming a useful and not inedifying companion; in fact, he exercises a species of fascination over the talkative and fussy votaries of our civilisation which, if it be yielded to a little, becomes difficult to break away from. It is too late now; but a generation ago, a European in quest of a thoroughly new sensation could get it by taking up his abode in the forests of the west. The inhabitant of an Indian village has no newspapers and receives no letters. His politics are chiefly domestic, and evolve themselves within narrow areas; and they are not discussed, because discussion would not alter them. It is true that Indians hold pow-wows, but all they talk about are the warlike deeds of their ancestors and themselves; and their object in touching upon those topics is to inspire themselves for fresh enterprises. Social small-talk and gossip is also unknown; if a society journal were started amongst a tribe of Indians, its numbers from week to week would contain nothing but the title, the date, and the names of the printer and publisher. It is in the worst taste to discuss marriages and betrothals in Indian circles, such matters being considered private and delicate. Art is as little a subject of conversation as literature, politics, and society; and as for nature, it is far too near to the Indian, and too mysterious and spiritual to his apprehension, for him to venture upon speaking about it. The things of the objective life being thus shut out from the red man's consideration, subjective matters alone remain open to him; and these are good for thought rather

than for speech, and minister more to the repose of the mind than to its excitement. It is evident, therefore, that a year or two of strictly Indian society would embark the white man upon entirely novel lines of life; it would speedily acquaint him with the extent of his own resources, and, if he were at all imaginative, would make him seem to himself the creature of a higher power—a visible appearance acted upon and animated by invisible realities. In other words, his outward life would be the expression of an inward impulse—inward, yet proceeding from something that was not himself. The motives as well as the acts of civilisation are external. In so far as they are not external, they are not civilisation.

Naturally, very few white men would care to make so wide a divergence from the beaten track as this; least of all those whose organisation is sensitive and fine. To them, the vital repose would be scarcely distinguishable from death; and long ere they had become reconciled to it, they would desire to escape. A coarse, uneducated, fleshly-witted man might take to it well enough, but not a high-strung one. Not, at least, if he had tasted the thin but heady wine of modern culture and science. But how, if, never having tasted this, he was yet of the blood and make of those to that manner born? No doubt, the conditions would then be sensibly modified. He might become an Indian then, but an Indian on a higher plane of thought and sensation. He would feel and act like them, but he would think about his acts and feelings, as they do not, and would thus draw inferences and arrive at conclusions from which they are debarred.

Now, it so happened that a couple of white men had, for several years past, been living with a certain tribe of Indians who, in 1847, dwelt in the Sacramento valley. One of these men was much older than the other—the latter, indeed, being in the first

prime of his youth. They had come by a northerly route from the far east, having travelled, apparently, from tribe to tribe of Indians until they came to Oregon, and so across the mountain rampart to the Sacramento. The elder was a stalwart, bearded fellow, with a long rifle on his shoulder, and wearing a tattered red shirt, corduroy trousers, and heavy boots. The younger was slender, but tall and sinewy, and full of tireless activity. He wore an Indian shirt and leggings of deerskin, fringed and beaded; his arms were a bow and arrows, and he carried slung at his back a strange musical instrument, the like whereof no Indian had ever seen before. Though blue-eyed and brown haired, and betraying no signs of Indian blood, he spoke a dialect of the Indian language; and he and his companion, being evidently innocent of any hostile intent, were freely admitted to the hospitality of the tribe. They made their abode amongst them, took part in their hunting excursions, and joined them in their attacks upon neighbouring tribes, or helped them to repel the latter's incursions. And inasmuch as they bore themselves well and bravely in all circumstances, and moreover seemed to know a good many things which the ordinary Indian education did not include, they gradually assumed a prominent place in the red men's councils; and the younger man held the higher position of the two. He was something more than brave and active; he was credited with supernatural powers. At all events, he could produce wonderful sounds from that musical instrument of his; and sometimes he seemed to be unaware of what was passing around him, but to see and speak with beings that were visible to him only. He possessed, too, a singular power over wild animals, as if there were some secret intelligence between him and them. He could carry poisonous serpents in his hand; he could stroke the ears of the grey hare in her form;

and he was said to be on friendly terms with a certain huge black bear, who was anything but a genial companion to other two-legged beings. On moonlight nights, he often left the lodge and moved down, unarmed and silent, to the margin of a neighbouring lake. There, hidden amidst the bushes, he would lie for hours, while the great bright moon swung slowly aloft, mid-deep in the purple sky, and the wild coyotes came trotting and pausing, one by one, to lap their nightly draughts of the pure water. There would he lie, listening to their long-drawn unearthly howls, till all his blood curdled and thrilled, and his breath came and went with a fearful delight. Wildest of all beasts is the wolf, and wildest of all wolves is the coyote. As the hours went by a kind of mystic exhilaration would swell in the listener's heart, and throb in his brain; until at last he could scarce restrain himself from howling likewise, and capering fantastically forth from his hiding-place, to patter and gambol, and roll over and over with the other wolves on the moon-smitten margin of the lake. Such hours as those open the mind to knowledge which no human wisdom can impart.

As for the elder man, he had seen the world under many aspects, and had acquired a give-and-take, matter-of-fact philosophy, which admitted of little essential change. There was nothing imaginative or mystical about him. When he exerted himself, it was with all his strength; when there was no call for exertion, he was well content to lie on his back in the sun, smoking or dozing, or, at most, recalling disconnected scenes from the life that was past. Into the future he never troubled himself to look, nor was he anxious for change. "If a man is comfortable," he would argue, "let him keep quiet; the other things will come fast enough of themselves." He would also remove his pipe from his mouth to remark, "moving about ain't no use. A man can't get out of

himself by travellin', nor he can't get no further into himself, neither. As for friends and relatives, what be they? You may take my word for it, Jack, nobody can be more than glad to see you; and, in a general way, the folks you're with at the time will be as glad as anybody. If I was to start for home to-morrow, what would I find when I got there? The same I left behind me twenty years ago? Not much I wouldn't! They may be alive for what I know; but they ain't the same folks I'm thinking of, for all that. I sha'n't find them, Jack my boy, not in this world, nor in the next neither. But I'm none the worse off for that. Human natur's the same, good and bad, all the world over. I can get all I want in the way of friends and relatives out of you—or maybe I could do with old Tabanaka here, at a pinch. Good words, and friendliness, and help in a scrape, and an honest look in the eye—that's all the best of 'em can give me, and I can get that and more too where I be. I may live here till I die, for all I'll ever do to get away."

"You care to go no further because you've been everywhere," Jack would reply. "So shall I, perhaps, some day."

"Oh, ay, I know: every man must be a fool on his own account; it's no use another man being a fool for him. You're in the Garden of Eden this v'ry minute, only you don't know it. You'll remember I told you that, ten years hence. Here's a climate that ain't got no equal. You've plenty to eat and drink, and just as much huntin' and fightin' as may keep you in right condition. All these red fellows here think no end of big things of you, and when old Tabanaka pegs out, you'll be chief for certain. And as for women——"

The speaker did not finish his sentence in words, but nodded his head twice or thrice slowly, and partly closed one eye. The two men were reclining beneath the shade of a cluster

of tall, trim-limbed *madroño* trees. At a little distance two lodges were visible, made of cedar stakes and bark, with sloping roofs, from an opening in the comb of which lazy wreaths of smoke ascended: for, though the time was summer, the fire of an Indian lodge must not be extinguished. In the door of one of these boxes a young Indian woman was sitting, with a little pile of flint arrow-heads beside her, which she was binding on their shafts. While doing this, she kept up a low crooning sound, apparently for the benefit of a small brown baby, which, swaddled like a mummy and strapped to a flat framework of woven withes and bark, was leaning against the side of the doorway like a little idol.

Jack had made no response to his companion's suggestion, or argument, whichever it was, beyond a restless drawing-up of his right knee, and a forcible emission of breath. Presently he arose, with an Indian-like suddenness and suppleness of movement, and walked with a silent tread of moccasined feet to the door of the lodge at which the woman sat.

"Kooahi," he said, "are you not tired of making arrows and singing to the papoose?"

Kooahi looked up at him, throwing back her thick hair, and flashing her white teeth.

Some of the Indian women of the Pacific slope may, in their youth, fairly be called beautiful. Kooahi was small of stature and warm of hue, her skin being somewhat of the colour of red wine seen through a transparent brown medium. Her hands and feet were small and delicately formed. Her face was a full oval, with black eyes rich in softness and ardour, though deficient, according to our ideas, in depth and subtlety of expression. Her mouth was large and her lips full, but there was a sweetness and tenderness in their curves which prevented the reproach of coarseness. Her hair had an Indian depth and luxuriance; it

framed her face in a flowing black frame, and descending, shed over her shoulders, bosom, and waist, a shifting veil of waving jet. From the waist to the knee she was clad in a short embroidered skirt of deerskin, this being the only garment she wore at present, except the chains of wampum round her neck, and the bands of beaten gold that encircled her arms. Every motion of her flexible figure was pervaded by an indefinable grace and elasticity, which were alone sufficient to make looking at her a pleasure.

Jack knelt on one knee and looked steadfastly for a few moments at the brown baby's solemn little phiz, which blinked composedly back at him out of its round black eyes. He stroked its round cheek with his finger, until it cooed and bobbed its head about. Then Jack turned, and his glance met the warm glance of Kooahi.

"How would you like to go away from here?" he continued—speaking of course in the Indian tongue. "Far away—you and Manita?"

Kooahi considered the question, not averting her eyes from his the while. "Back to my father?" she demanded at last, with a gesture towards the north.

Jack shook his head and pointed in the opposite direction. "I captured you in battle," he said; "to take you back would be death. But there—far away—where white faces live, in lodges taller than the tamarack; will you come there?"

Kooahi was silent. She drooped her eyelids and looked on the ground. Jack watched her for a little; then he put out his hand and stroked her hair; and let his hand glide down her round arm till it reached her hand and closed upon it.

"We will not go, then, Kooahi," he said. "I brought you here, and we will live here always."

Kooahi looked up with a flashing smile, and raising his hand in both hers, laid it upon her forehead and upon her bosom.

After a time Jack went back to the *madroños*; but his bearded friend had dropped asleep, with his pipe sticking straight up in his mouth, like a strange plant sprouting out of him. There would be no getting any tales of foreign parts from him that afternoon. Jack turned away, and passing beneath the trees, came round to the principal group of lodges that constituted the village. Here the chief and three or four warriors were squatting on the ground, smoking, and listening to some tale which the oldest man in the village was droning out in a guttural voice. It was a tale of a mythologic character, and contained incidental allusions to the Indians' Paradise, which, it appeared, was a vast, illimitable forest, with valleys interspersed amidst the sombre colonnades of trees, and rivers alive with fish, and legions of game that came up to the door of your wigwam to be shot; in short, very much such a region as they live in now, only somewhat more monotonously comfortable, and enriched by the society of all their dead and buried ancestors, from the beginning of the world down to yesterday. Jack sat down with the rest, but not to listen; he had heard it all a hundred times before. Something was still wanting to make him a true Indian, to make him content to spend not his earthly life only, but the whole of eternity, in just such a valley as this of the Sacramento—this Noorkan Charook; a heaven into which no white man, except perhaps himself, was to be admitted. Jack's ideas of a future state had not been much complicated by the lore of Christian theology; nevertheless, he fancied he could conceive of a heaven which should differ in some respects from that of his Indian friends, and be none the worse for the modification. Had he not had his dreams and his visions? . . . A sadness began to settle upon him, and a sense of inward darkness and terror. He knew it of old; it demanded that he should be alone. No human eye

must see him, because no human heart could understand his spectral fear, nor any human strength succour him in the struggle.

He arose hastily and went forth, plunging into the densest part of the forest. A deep cañon, thronged with black pines and bedded with rock, opened before him at last, and into this he descended. The high walls rose on either side, shutting out the sun, becoming at length too steep to afford foothold to the sombre trees. The course of the cañon was crooked, so that ever and anon further progress seemed to be barred by an insurmountable wall set across the path; but at the last moment it would give way and afford a passage. Jack forced his way along over the boulders and decayed stumps with increasing speed, glancing now over his shoulder and now in advance, shuddering at the horror to come, yet knowing that sooner or later he must grapple with it. In swinging himself down a declivity, the thick limb of a tree which he had grasped was wrenched off, and remained in his hand, though he was scarcely aware of it. As he hurried on the sweat ran down his forehead, and his eyes stared in dread, yet took no conscious note of outward objects; an intolerable distress wrung his heart. Now his feet trod upon sand; confusing shadows were in the air; the wide mouth of a cavern opened in front of him. Past that cavern he could not go—an irresistible force forbade it; for here lurked his ghostly enemy, and here the struggle must take place. With set teeth and shaking limbs he entered the cavern, which vomited a darkness that clung to his eyes. In the womb of the darkness he heard the goblin stir, and saw its eyes glimmering, and heard its snarling voice. It seemed to advance towards him; with a hoarse cry he raised his arm, with the club of cedar in his hand, and struck a furious blow, knowing that he should strike only empty air. But, with a shock of surprise, he felt that

the blow had told; the demon was tangible; it howled and writhed; with desperate hope he struck again, and heard the dull thud and crash of resisting bone; and the club was broken short in his hand. With another cry he flung himself upon his enemy, grappling it by its hairy throat, and by the weight of his body holding its body to the earth. He strove to strangle it, but in vain, though the blood well-nigh started from the ends of his fingers in the effort; the goblin wrenched itself about, uttering hideous snarls and gnashing its jaws. Then, pinning its head to the ground by the pressure of his fore-arm, and with his hand clutching it about the face, so that its jaws could not open, he caught it in the hollow of the throat with his own teeth, working them in and flinching not, till they fastened together in the straining windpipe. A fearful struggle followed. The goblin's body heaved and wriggled, the yellow eye glared and rolled, and fetid gasps of breath and flecks of froth oozed through its curling lips. But Jack held on, feeling as if more than his life depended on the issue; the harsh hair of the monster filled his mouth, its claws tore at his deerskin shirt, its convulsive chokings were horrible to hear; but all was as nothing compared with the fierce satisfaction that possessed Jack's soul at finding his hitherto impalpable adversary at last solidly within his grip, to be fought with like any mortal enemy. At last, with a sharp wheeze, its struggles suddenly ceased, its stiffened throat relaxed, and its body collapsed and lay still. Slowly and warily Jack unclenched his teeth, and partly raised himself; but his grisly antagonist made no movement. After a pause to recover his breath, he seized the dead thing, and dragged it to the mouth of the cavern; and there, in the transparent shadow of the cañon walls, he saw the body of no worse goblin than a huge wolf, a cross between the coyote and the grey. His first blow had broken one of its hind

legs; his second had taken it behind the ear, partly stunning it; and he had finished the work with the weapons that nature gave him. He sat down upon a projecting corner of rock, leaned his cheek upon his hand, and contemplated his fallen foe in silence.

Though bleeding from several ugly scratches, and tremulous from the severity of the combat, Jack's mind was now serene and clear. The unsubstantial terror which, for several years past, had occasionally overcome him, had never until now identified itself with any material object. It had been a terror of the soul, not to be met with any mortal weapons, springing from no intelligible source, and incalculable in its action and effects. It had appeared to Jack to put a barrier between himself and his fellow-men, allied as it was with other experiences which, though beyond the sphere of sense, were to him the most intensely real features of his life. Sometimes, in the midst of his customary avocations, the solid earth would all at once become as a shadow to him, and the fantasies of his mind would assume the aspect of substantial realities. He was never wholly deceived by these apparitions—that is, he always knew that they were imperceptible to others; but that did not prevent them from exerting an influence upon him; and he could not decide whether they indicated the opening to him of a state of existence not the less actual because physically uncognisable, or whether they were absolutely and essentially illusory.

The odd chance which had embodied the more formidable of these visions in the flesh and bones of the wolf, gave a certain relief to Jack's mind. Having definitely got the better of the wolf, it seemed not unreasonable to hope that he had also gained some advantage over the spectre which the wolf had represented. Partly from mechanical force of habit, and partly from a development of the Indian superstition

that to scalp an enemy renders him spiritually as well as physically incapable of further offence, Jack took his knife from his girdle and skinned the animal. Then, throwing the hide over his arm, he set off to clamber his way out of the cañon.

An hour's ascent brought him to the summit of a lofty cluster of castellated rocks, which rose as high above the level of the surrounding country as the cañon sank below it. It was a point of outlook which he had several times visited before; it gave to his eyes an extent of range in some measure proportional to that of his imagination. Far to the north, more than a hundred miles away, rose a solitary white peak, covered with perpetual snow: a mountain which Jack knew well, for at the base of it dwelt the tribe to which Kooahi belonged, and from which, in the wild raid and battle of two years ago, he had carried her off as his special prize. She was a child then; now she was a mother. She had given Jack the tenderest happiness he had ever known; yet it was a happiness at no time free from certain reservations. She had come to him by violence and bloodshed; and moreover, he had sometimes suspected that when he was most at one with her, he was least completely himself. In binding her to himself, he had perhaps cut himself adrift from possibilities and opportunities in life which might, under other conditions, have been practicable to him. What these were Jack could have had but a vague notion. Perhaps the consideration that pressed most insidiously upon him was precisely the one to which a sentiment of loyalty would make him least willing to yield. It may be asserted that Jack was not the first man to perceive what he fancied was a divided duty. He loved this Indian girl, and she deserved his love. But was he born to live for ever in this valley, hunting, fighting, dreaming? If so, why had he the impulse to live a wider life? The Indians had no such impulse.

Kooahi had it not. Should his fate, then, be the same as theirs?

He turned and looked towards the south and west. There lay cities, and the ocean. Must they be to him for ever as if they did not exist? He loved Kooahi, and had given her rights over him which might not honourably be rescinded. But had he done so with a full realisation of the consequences? And if not, should those consequences be allowed to dominate his whole future?

Out of the bosom of his hunting-shirt he drew a heavy gold locket, which he opened. It contained the miniature of a woman's face—a face very different from Kooahi's. It was a face which Jack often had beheld in his visions; it had become to him in some sort a divine or religious symbol, as the face of the mother of God is to Roman Catholics. Whatever in life was sweet, pure, holy, beautiful, had to his mind its concentration and embodiment in these august features. He was sure that, apart from the influence which this face had exerted upon him, he would have been a very different man from what he was; he might have been an Indian in soul as well as in circumstances. But she—this nameless, ideal being—had ever been before him, beckoning him onward—he thought also upward. In some transfigured state of existence it seemed to him that he should meet and know her. To do so was the highest good he could conceive of. Whatever good—whatever happiness he had heretofore known, had seemed but a dim and imperfect foretaste of the good and happiness which his ideal was capable of bestowing upon him. Even the love of Kooahi—and herein he did not deem himself unfaithful; for after all, the ideal woman could not be material; she did not partake of common mortality; she was in the sphere of immortals. So Jack always told himself; and yet he was conscious of a mental reservation, which practically contradicted

that view ; for if she were only a spiritual essence, not to be apprehended by physical senses, how was it that more than half his desire to go forth in the world was founded upon the hope of meeting her? But on the other hand, he could say that she was a vision until he had proved her to be something more. He never had seen her, and might never see her. He had no authority for supposing her to exist. If the pictured face were a portrait, the original must have died years ago. As for the dark-eyed little girl who had given him the locket, she was a very faint and fading figure in Jack's memory now. He had long ago ceased to think of her. His dreams of the future did not include her.

But what signified dreams of the future, if he were to live and die in the valley of the Sacramento? The past was his future.

Several hours had passed away, during which Jack had remained seated on the top of the tower of granite, with his face turned to the south and west. Meanwhile the sun had set, and its latest glow had long since vanished from the snowy peak to the north. For some while past an undertone of distant noise had sounded in Jack's ears, without his paying conscious attention to it. The noise, whatever it betokened, had now ceased. A creak, flying below Jack's lofty seat, called sharply in the night air, as if to attract his notice. He turned round slowly.

Down below there, four or five miles away, a red glow lit up the blackness of the forest. Tongues of flame licked upwards now and then, apparently the last of a conflagration. Jack gave a glance at the stars ; then looked downward again. The red glow occupied the spot where stood the lodges of the tribe with which he lived—where stood his lodge and Kooah's.

Jack thrust the locket back in his bosom, and went leaping down the steep hillside towards his home.

[CHAPTER XXIII.

"MAN," DECLARES THE PERSIAN PROVERB, "IS MORE SHARP THAN STEEL, MORE HARD THAN FLINT, MORE FRAIL THAN ROSES."

IN two hours Jack had passed over the stretch of fell and forest, rock and ravine, which separated him from the Indian village. Within a hundred yards of the spot, he paused, and listened intently, his face turned towards the dull glow of the dying conflagration, seen in thin vertical streaks between the black columnar trunks of the intervening trees.

There was an empty, awful silence. Fire, and fiery passions, had raged here only a few hours before, and now this deadly stillness.

"I should have been here!" said Jack to his heart, in aching anguish and remorse. But he could not yet believe the worst. He moved forward.

He stepped upon something which yielded beneath his foot in a way that made him withdraw it and spring back. A dark figure lay along amongst the undergrowth. Jack stooped, and recognised the rigid features of an Indian who had been his companion on many a hunting expedition. An arrow had pierced his neck just beneath the hinge of the jaw bone, and he had bled to death from the artery ; but apparently he had been suffered to lie undisturbed, for there was no mark on him of the tomahawk or the scalping-knife. It was probable that he had escaped observation, for the body lay at some distance from the main area of the conflict. It was already stiff and cold.

Jack went forward again, turning aside three or four times to avoid other corpses that obstructed his path. At length he stood in the centre of the little space where the lodges had been, and stared around him.

It was a ghastly spectacle. The great trees, scorched and blackened, encompassed the spot, with blasted

arms raised aloft as if demanding vengeance of heaven. Every one of the lodges was burnt down, and nothing remained of them but smouldering embers. Cast about amidst these, lying over one another in heaps, were the gory and mutilated bodies of the human beings among whom the latter years of Jack's life had been passed. Many of them were partly or wholly charred by the fire. All of them had been scalped. Four or five had been bound to the trees, and there shot to death; their bodies bristled with arrows. Several women were amongst the slain, but they were mostly the old squaws; the maidens and the younger women were nowhere to be seen. Many infants were there—a sickening and heart-rending sight. Every one of these creatures Jack had known by name and character; he had seen the sun shine upon them, alive and well, that very afternoon; and now, in a moment as it were, all were dead; their dead eyes stared at him reproachfully. Surrounded by so much death, Jack felt his own life a burden and a shame.

He worked his way round the fatal circle, and passed over to the right, where his own lodge and that of his white companion had stood. To his surprise they stood there still, apparently undisturbed. For a minute or two he paused, summoning up resolution to examine them more closely. He had already seen that Kooahi was not among the heap of death behind there. Was she here?

At last he entered his lodge. It was in the condition in which he had left it. Even his banjo was standing within the entrance where he had put it before going out. But no living thing was there, nor any dead thing either. Kooahi and the papoose were not there.

He came out again, oppressed with a fresh anguish. He had prepared himself to find Kooahi dead; but neither to find her dead nor living was something he was not prepared for. His heart, over which a sort of

sickly repose had crept, began to beat again tumultuously. He went into his companion's lodge, but that too was empty. He came out, and began to wander hither and thither aimlessly. Suddenly he stopped short. Before him, bound to a tree, with his arms above his head, and stripped completely naked, was a figure that he recognised by its whiteness, even before he could distinguish the features. But on drawing nearer, he perceived that the man's eyes were open, and met his own with a living, albeit feeble, glance.

"Hugh!" he cried out, with a great sob, and a rush of tears; "Hugh!—not dead?"

"Cut this damned cord round my wrists," replied Hugh, in a voice that was no more than a hoarse whisper, "and get me some water."

Jack did these things with all possible haste. Then his glance searched Hugh's face for the answer to the question he could not find words to ask.

"If you'll look in my right thigh," said Hugh, "you'll find an arrow-head there that I'd as lief have out of the way. Ay, that's the place—whew!—hold up a bit. You'll find my tobacco in the pouch there. Just chew up a cud of it ready to go on the wound. Now then—out with the cussed thing! Tchec—e—um! Ah!"

The arrow had not penetrated to its full depth, but, having remained so long in the wound, the process of extraction was naturally very painful. Jack bound up the bleeding gash with the moistened tobacco leaves, and made his friend as comfortable as he could. All the while he was alert with nervous dread to hear words which would make an incalculable difference in his life. Two or three would do it. But Hugh seemed in no hurry to speak them. The suspense was torture.

"So you concluded to come round when all the fun was over?" he remarked presently. "I began to think you was gone for good."

"How was it?" asked Jack, huskily.

"Blessed if I can tell! we'd just turned in. I always told our fellows there'd be hell to pay some night, if they didn't keep watch. That nonsense of theirs about letting mother night take care of 'em will be the death of every Indian in the country, that don't die other ways. First thing I knew, there was a row like six score devils broke loose. I run out and got this thing in my leg. I seen the chief of the beggars—they was the same lot we went for two year ago. Well, they've got their revenge—the whole of it. There ain't one of our fellows left alive, except them they took off with 'em; and I'd rather be finished here than there. They hunted for you, Master Jack, high and low, I can tell you! You was in luck, as usual. What they'd have done with you if they'd found you is more than I can tell. They thought I was you at first, being the same colour, I suppose."

"Hugh, tell me——"

"They was rather careful of our things, too; may be they thought we was medicine men, and not safe to meddle with. All they did to me was to string me up to the madroño and leave me for the coyotes; that blessed pet bear of yours was smelling at my legs not half an hour ago, and I made up my mind I was going off inside him. But he found something else he liked better, I suppose."

"They weren't all killed?"

"No, no, my boy, she wasn't killed—at least, not that I know of; they didn't do it here; they took her off. What they'll do to her when they get her to their place, the devil knows! She's the chief's daughter, you know. May be they'll make an example of her to keep the other women in order—there's no telling. She didn't want to go with 'em—you could see that. But the old chief, he tied her to his mustang, neck and crop, poor gal! and she had to give in. It'll take more than you and me to get her back again, I'm thinking."

"Manita?"

"Ah! that's more than I know. I didn't see nothing of her. No, 'tain't likely; I wouldn't look to see Manita no more, my lad. Them little kids they make no account of, these red devils. No, I take it the whole thing's done for. We've had a right fair time of it these seven years back, and now this is the end, and we must look out for something else. I did hope it might last out my time, too; I was saying just this afternoon I was as well off as I wanted to be; but 'twas always my luck to get stirred up just when I was settled down. Well, cheer up, Jack, my boy; that's how it is in life, and you've got more life in front of you than I have by thirty years. You was wishing to see the world, and now you may see it. We'll go back to England, and I'll show you old Bideford, and the little brother I've got there—though he'll be growed up by this time, bigger than I be, like as not. He was a plucky chap; he saved my life once; though may be he'd as well have let it alone. Heigho! I've had about enough of it."

"I must go after Koochi," said Jack, in a dull tone.

"Thought likely you'd be up to some such game," returned Hugh, shaking his head. "But just you listen here. If you go after her, you'll have to take me along—that's number one; and I ain't in no condition to travel to-night, nor tomorrow neither. Number two, supposing us come up with 'em, what are we to do against a hundred or a hundred and fifty? If my old rifle was any use, we might have a chance against a few of 'em; but it's been hanging up there this three year for want of powder, and as rusty as a coffin-nail into bargain."

"She would be on the watch—she would come to us."

"Not she! for two reasons. In the first place, it's two to one—I'd as well say ten to one—that she's dead at this very minute." Jack caught his breath between his teeth

and half started to his feet. "No, no—keep cool!" Hugh went on; "we must see our way first, whatever we do. If she ain't dead, the surest way to make her so would be for her to get any wind that we was about; they'll watch her close as wax, and the first show she makes to stir, in goes the tomahawk, and there's an end of it."

"She will expect me," said Jack, with his eyes on the ground.

"Well, my boy, and what if she did? She'd not expect you for ever, I'm thinking; may be not for more than a year; may be not a month. Oh, I know what women be! and I suppose Indian women ain't so greatly different from the rest. After all, you know, Jack, it's her own folks has got her now, and it won't take her so long to drop down into the old ways as it might other ways. It was a bit of a new thing living with a white man for a year or two; but she'll find good-looking chaps of her own colour before she's much older, and then she'll be thinking to herself that she'd as well be making the best of the fun so long as it's going. She'll forget you, my boy, that's what I mean to say; and to my thinking, it's the best could happen."

Jack looked up with a blank gaze.

"Ay, the best," repeated Hugh, nodding his head; "and you'll say so yourself one of these days. You're not an Indian, Jack, and she's not a white—that's where the point is. She'll be better off with folks of her own colour, and you the same; and now that luck has put you apart, the best you can do is to stay so. She wasn't up to your ways, and you wasn't down to hers; and ten years from now, when she was an old woman, you'd have wished to the devil you'd never set eyes on her. Let it go as it is, and there'll be no harm done. You've got your chance, with no blame one way nor t'other; and you won't get it so square another time, so my advice is to hook it. A man like you might come to something

among white folks, but with these red devils, the better you are, the worse it is for you; it don't help you—it trips you up. And I tell you, Jack, after what I seen this night, I don't want nothing more to do with Indians, good or bad! They ain't our sort. If I have my way, I'll never go nigh one of 'em again. I'm for England, or for kingdom come! but no more redskins, if I can help it. It ain't wholesome."

In this strain, and doubtless with excellent intentions, Hugh continued to hold forth, while the stiffened corpses round about, and the various signs of violence and ruin, silently enforced his arguments against the red men. But possibly he need not have been so eloquent. In Jack's secret consciousness there was a voice urgent on the same side. To a young man of twenty-one, that which is untried is apt to appear more desirable than anything that is known. If Jack could have been assured that Kooahi was alive, and was expecting him to rescue her, he would unquestionably have risked his life in that attempt. But in this life we are never guided by certainties, except the certainties of the past. Freedom of choice is ours in our own despite, and we choose according to our nature, not our foresight; not even according to our intellectual conviction, unless that be on nature's side. Jack had never until now contemplated the possibility of life apart from Kooahi, but the sudden fact of their separation made him reflect that it might be permanent. It is unnecessary to follow the course of Jack's reasonings. The fact that he reasoned at all is sufficient. When a man reasons with himself, he reasons for his selfishness. Unselfishness knows nothing of syllogisms; and a good man is apt to be a bad logician.

Be all that as it may, Jack had reason enough for deciding not to begin the pursuit of Kooahi that night. Hugh could hardly be left to shift for himself without effective

arms, and with wolves and bears—even pet bears—about. Moreover, if Kooahi was to be rescued at all, it must be by guile and intrigue—matters which require pondering. The immediate question was, what should be done with the bodies of the slain? Burial is not among the customs of the Californian Indians; and even had it been so, it was beyond the powers of one man to dig the required number of graves in the necessarily limited time. A holocaust seemed the best way out of the difficulty. Hugh happened to possess an axe, and the forest in the vicinity was full of partially-decayed timber which burnt like touchwood. Jack went vigorously to work, glad to have something to do to distract his mind from dwelling too persistently on unwelcome subjects. He drew all the bodies together in one spot, and built around and above them a pyramid of dry wood. The work occupied him all the rest of the night, and the sun had risen before the mighty funeral pyre was lighted. It burnt all that day and the next night, Jack feeding the flames occasionally with armfuls of fresh fuel. By the second morning nothing remained of the late comrades of the two white men but a large heap of ashes and bones. A pit was dug, and the remains were shovelled into it, and an oblong fragment of white quartz was set up over the spot. As Jack placed it there he felt that he was symbolically marking the grave of his past life, and that from it he was to go onward to new things. All the same, he neither confessed to himself nor admitted to Hugh that he had given up the purpose of following Kooahi. He would have been ashamed to admit it; for though Hugh had employed, and continued to employ, all manner of dissuasions, Jack could not divest himself of the conviction that he would suffer in his friend's estimation should he allow himself to be dissuaded. In thinking this, he perhaps rated Hugh's principles too high. Hugh was an easy-going fellow, with-

out lofty aim or ambition, free from any bigoted consistency of conduct, and desirous chiefly to accommodate to his comfort whatever circumstances he might happen to find himself in. He was good-natured, fearless even to the extent of not fearing to shun unnecessary peril, fond of his comrades of the time being, yet not inconsolable in case of their loss; of a healthy nature and constitution, and, upon the whole, not the most salutary possible companion and mentor for a young man of imagination and sensibility. It must, however, be conceded that he had not had any special influence upon Jack either for good or evil; and the time was now at hand when his influence, such as it was, was about to be exchanged for another of a very different and more positive kind.

At the end of five days Hugh's wound—never very serious—had healed sufficiently to allow of his walking without discomfort. Walking was the only mode of progression at present available, the horses having been carried off by the hostile Indians. The question now came up for final consideration, In what direction should they betake themselves—northward or southward? Hugh voted for the former route, Jack for the latter, not without an edifying consciousness of acting against his private and secret inclinations. The fact was, he did not wish to surrender Kooahi until some obstacle had been encountered formidable enough to make discouragement definitely respectable. It was probable that such obstacles would not refuse to present themselves, and then—But for the present, forward in the path of duty!

In the end it was agreed that they should go to the lodges of a neighbouring tribe, which had formerly been at war with the despoilers, and try to persuade them once more to take the war-path against them. This tribe lay almost directly due west of their present position, about forty

miles away. The route which they must take would, therefore, lie impartially between those which they severally advocated; and when they arrived at their intermediate destination, they would see what they would see.

So, early in the cloudless morning, they set off on the journey which was to end, for each of them, so differently from what either imagined. Hugh was in excellent spirits, the ebullience of which he was not at any pains to disguise. Nothing either permanently depressed or excessively elated this man, who had not a tithe of Jack's spiritual and mental resources, who seldom did anything from his own initiative, and whose notion of independence was to be the sport of circumstances. He could, upon occasion, have found a way to be comfortable in Siberia, or reasons to console himself for being turned out of Paradise. He had lately set before Jack good grounds for spending the rest of his days beside the Sacramento, but that did not prevent him from perceiving and pointing out the advantages of leaving it. Jack heard him talk, and thought of other things; yet he too presently began to feel a lightness of heart and an appetite for novelty and change which made him fancy that more than one nature was bound up in his individuality. Some one whom he had hitherto supposed to be himself was mourning for Kooahi; but another person was coming to the front, with a vivid and lively resemblance to Jack in all respects save a regard for that important episode in his past career. Between these rival claimants choice was embarrassing, until Jack was disposed to fall back upon his favourite position, which was that individualities are of small account. Mankind is responsible for the man, and the latter's thoughts and acts are but his particular method of disposing of the vast reservoir of forces and impulses with which he is in communication. There is probably a good deal of truth in this view, but then

the disciple should be careful to use it rather to humble his personal pretensions than to excuse his private transgressions.

Towards the afternoon the travellers, who had never allowed themselves to stray far from the banks of the stream which had watered their lodges, came upon an open tract, a couple of miles in length by half a mile in breadth, which extended nearly east and west, and at one side of which a rocky hill, with a fringe of pines along its summit, rose from the left margin of the river. A little way down, the river made a sharp bend, and the small angle of land thus produced had a group of trees upon it, which seemed to invite to repose beneath their shadow. Hugh pointed this out to his companion.

"We've done a good ten miles, my boy," said he; "and a very tidy distance too, with such going as we've had, let alone the broiling of that sun. Ah, give me England for coolness and comfort, and Devonshire of all places in England. You shall see it, Jack; and you and I and Tom, my brother, will have a bit of fun together. Poor Tom! I shall be right glad to see him again. Well, all in good time: what I need now is a bellyful of venison and acorn-bread, and a drink. Ah, we'll have something better than water to drink in England! Here we are: you start a fire, whilst I go down the bank and fetch the water. Hullo! look at that."

He pointed to some traces on the sandy margin of the stream which had apparently been made not long before. They entered the water, and seemed to be continued on the other side. Hugh and Jack examined them narrowly.

"No four-footed beast made that," remarked Hugh at length.

"No Indian, either," said Jack.

"You're right, my boy," rejoined the other; "that's the print of a white man's foot. All the better! All white men are good company in this part of the world. May be we'll

run across 'em, yet. It couldn't have been more than yesterday they was here. Like as not they've pitched their camp somewheres not far off. If I had some powder, now, I'd fire 'em a signal out of my old rifle."

"What could they be doing here?" said Jack.

"What are we doing, if you come to that? The time will come, my boy, when this country will be as full of white folks as it is of pine-trees."

"Not while we are alive," Jack answered, sagaciously.

"I don't know that, neither. If there's one thing I can't think of, it is of the time when I shall stop living. 'Tis my idea that dying is a humbug; you're bound to go on, somehow and somewheres. If you was to cut my throat this minute, it wouldn't bother me much, except for the inconvenience of changing round a bit. I should turn up all right again, though may be where you couldn't get at me."

"I'd rather try cutting my own," returned Jack; but whether he meant to imply that his prospects of immortality were more encouraging than Hugh's, or something else, he did not have time to explain.

For as he spoke he looked upwards across the river, and his eyes rested on the rocky crest of the opposite bluff, which was about a hundred and fifty yards distant. All at once a puff of white smoke appeared above the crest, looking fresh and pretty in the bright sunshine. A moment or two later a sound was heard such as a man might make by smiting his palms together; but it was followed by a rolling echo, which somehow seemed louder than it ought to have been.

At the same time, and greatly to Jack's surprise, Hugh, who was just stooping to dip up some water, uttered a faint shriek, staggered back, raised himself to his full height, and then fell heavily against the bank. There he drew up his knees, straightened them again convulsively, and turned partly over on his side, coughing slightly, and showing blood on his lips.

Jack, in his first bewilderment, hit upon the idea that his companion had been bitten by a snake. He sprang forward, his mind set upon killing the reptile before it should do further damage.

"Stand back—they're shooting!" said Hugh, with a gasp.

Before the words were uttered, that sharp, rolling echo was again reflected from the cliffs. Jack felt himself violently struck in the left ankle; a sensation of burning heat, accompanied by numbness, followed. He did not think himself much hurt; but he could not stand. He sat down, and then perceived that his moccasin was full of blood. He looked round at Hugh, whose face, deadly pale, was bent over towards the ground. Blood was frothing from his mouth; he had torn open his shirt, disclosing a small hole in the middle of his breast, at which, every time he breathed, there was a bubbling of blood.

Jack looked again at the cliff. But close at hand, on the opposite brink of the river, two men were standing, with rifles in their hands. They were white men. One was a good deal shorter than the other, but very broad-shouldered and sturdy, with a red beard and bright blue eyes and broad, prominent cheek-bones. He had a bold and smiling aspect, as if he considered the affair rather a joke. The other man had a much less taking expression, though his countenance was the comelier of the two; he had a lowering and evasive air, as if he had done something unmanly; and he kept a little behind the other, and moved with a sort of deference to him. The skin of his face was pallid and unhealthy, and his eyes were shifty and dull.

After Jack and the red-bearded man had exchanged looks for a moment or two, the latter stepped into the stream and waded across. Arrived on the hither bank, he glanced at Jack's foot, and then went up to Hugh, and fixed his eyes upon him. All at once he knelt down beside him,

put his hand upon his shoulder, and said in a very soft and winning voice, "Why, Hugh, old boy—Hugh Berne! Is this you?"

The dying man appeared to recognise the voice. He raised his heavy eyes till they met the other's. Something like a smile seemed to twitch beneath his brown beard.

"Here's—a—rum go!" he whispered. Then a fit of coughing seized him. The red-bearded man put an arm round him, and held him up. When the fit of coughing was over, Hugh's head hung down. He had gone where mortal man could not get at him.

The other laid him down very gently, as a father might lay down his sleeping child. His expression was so compassionate as to make Jack fancy that there were tears in his eyes; but in this he may have been mistaken. After a little while, the man got to his feet and turned to his companion on the other side of the stream. His face was now stern and his tone peremptory.

"Come here, Tom," he said; "come over here, and see what you've done!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN WHICH IT IS ARGUED THAT A MAN WHO IS SHOT DOES BETTER TO DIE THAN TO LIVE; AND BRYAN EXPLAINS THE USES OF THE PRECIOUS METALS.

THE man called Tom came across at once. He looked about furtively, but did not seem to know what he had been summoned for. "What be it, sir?" he asked at length.

"Do you see that dead body?" returned the other.

"Yes, sir, a' see it."

"That's the man you shot."

"Well, sir."

"Do you recognise him?"

"Can't say a' do, sir."

But, as he said it, he looked again: something in the aspect of the corpse riveted his attention. The red-bearded man, standing aside,

watched him closely. The rifle slipped from Tom's hand without his seeming to perceive it; he continued to stare at the dead face, while his arms hung loosely at his sides, the fingers moving aimlessly.

"What's come to me!" he said, in a thin, muttering voice. "'E looks so like my brother—Hugh, my brother. A' told yer 'bout Hugh. A'd most say that was him."

"It is he; and you've killed him," said the red-bearded man.

"No, no, no!" cried Tom, his voice rising to a shriek at the last word. Then he was silent, and stood as motionless as a statue.

"Well," said the other, breaking the silence at last with a certain impatience, "what are you going to do?"

"A'm thinkin'," returned Tom slowly: "let me be—a'm thinkin'. Hugh's dead—and that's him—and 'twas I done it." Here he came to another pause of some length; at the end of which he looked round at the man with the red beard, who returned the look steadfastly.

"And 'twas you bade me do it, Mr. Bryan," said Tom finally, with singular quietness. Then he burst out in a giggling laugh, patting his thighs with his hands. "'Twas you bade me do it," he repeated; "and his blood is on your head. You done a good lot o' things, Mr. Bryan; but you never made a man kill his own brother before—he, he, he!"

The other leant on his rifle, crossed one foot over the other, and drew down his red eyebrows. "You have a revolver in your belt," he said, "why don't you use it?"

But Tom only laughed again, and turned away.

Jack's foot had by this time begun to pain him so much that his senses were a little confused; yet it was very clear to him that he hated the man called Tom, especially since he had laughed; and that he felt a decided liking for the red-bearded man, in spite of the rather unceremonious

manner in which he had introduced himself. He was evidently as brave, strong, and straightforward, as Tom was the opposite of those qualities. But, meanwhile, there lay his friend of the last seven years, dead; and himself perhaps maimed for life. This was a great deal to have happened in three or four minutes. It was hard to realise. At this moment Jack fell into one of his visionary states; nothing seemed real; even his pain seemed something else, though still something very disagreeable. Whatever it was, Jack had no longer any personal concern in it. It was only another phase of the evil that had extinguished Hugh. The two men before him were two opposing forces, good and bad. He saw them as such, and only incidentally as persons. They were not responsible—they were merely representative and instrumental. All that had occurred was as if it had been foreseen and inevitable, or as if it had taken place long before. Surely the red-bearded man was but repeating a question which he had asked ages ago, when he said in a kindly, but brisk tone—

"Who are you, young man?"

And Jack was only rehearsing an old story when he replied—

"My name is Jack. Hugh and I were friends. We lived together with the Indians seven years."

"He was my friend too. We went round the world together."

To this Jack's body responded by a groan. Jack himself was meanwhile thinking that it was not in the least surprising what the speaker had said, and that to have assisted at Hugh's murder was in some way the most natural sequel to having accompanied him round the world. Here the body groaned again, and Jack retired from it still further. In fact, an ordinary observer would have said that he became faint from pain and loss of blood; but ordinary observers repeat phrases and are led by appearances.

It must be admitted, however, that

Jack retained no definite recollection of the progress of events for some indefinite time after this. When he arrived once more at the point of self-identification, he was lying on his back on a buffalo skin, with the canvas of a tent sloping up pyramid-wise over his face. Some one was humming an air in a low, pleasant voice, outside the tent door. Jack raised himself on his elbow to look about him, in doing which he became aware that his left leg was stiff and sore, and that his foot and ankle were bound up in folds of blood-stained linen. His first thought was that Hugh must have done this kindness for him. But then he remembered that, unless he had dreamed very vividly, Hugh was dead. In his weak physical state, this fact did not cause him any activity of grief; he contemplated it calmly, and with a sort of disinterested sadness. Hugh dead! After all, though death must always be a solemn thing, it was probably not grievous to those who had been through it, and its effects were certainly exaggerated. The figure of Hugh was just as distinct to Jack's mind's eye as it had ever been: and if he had not ceased to exist to Jack, all the more must he continue to exist to himself. But Jack would not see him, grasp him, speak with him again—there was no denying that. And that was death. Yes, it was an over-rated matter; yet, rightly regarded, possessed the beauty of that which is mysterious; and the pathos which belongs to the dealings of an inscrutable power with puny, ignorant man. To struggle, to yield, to vanish, and not to know—that was life and death. There was something else behind, however, and beyond as well; and an understanding of this something would perhaps cause death to appear but as the turning of an obscure lane, short and crooked, into the interminable splendours of a mighty highway. It was possibly discreditable, but undoubtedly characteristic of Jack to be indulging in such vague speculations

as the above, when he ought to have been wondering why he and Hugh had been attacked, and planning revenge on Hugh's murderers. But poor Jack had lived so much out of the way of civilisation, that not only was he sometimes ignorant of what sentiment was conventionally proper to a given set of circumstances, but, also, he occasionally allowed himself to feel what was altogether incongruous and unexpected. And this history is not an organism of logical deductions founded upon plausible hypotheses, but a plain and helpless record of facts.

At last the person who had been humming the air came into the tent. He was the red-bearded man. He looked at Jack and nodded.

"Getting on?" he inquired.

Jack intimated, by a look, that he was getting on. His Indian associations had disaccustomed him to redundancy of speech.

"Luckily, I was able to get that confounded bullet of mine out of your ankle-joint," the other continued. "But I'm afraid a bit of the bone has been shot away, and that you'll go stiff for some time to come. But that's better than getting it through the heart—eh? That clumsy blackguard Tom, instead of doing as I told him, and winging his man, killed him—and killed his own brother. It serves him right, except that poor Hugh was a dear friend of mine as well as yours. We parted two or three years ago in—well, no matter."

"Panama," said Jack.

"Oho! then he's told you our adventures? You've heard of his friend Bryan?"

"You saved the man from the shark."

"Those were fine times. Where did you meet him?"

Jack mentioned the place and circumstances of their first encounter; and, in reply to other questions, gave some account of their wanderings and life since then.

"Poor Hugh! I wish he were alive

again—but when a man's time comes, he must die, and if he doesn't die of himself, some one must help him to it. I always have the devil's luck with my friends. It's our loss, not Hugh's. It never hurts a man to kill him—it's the other way. This is a country, Mr. Jack, in which a fellow takes his life in his hand; you're obliged to shoot first and ask questions afterwards. Do you know why we shot you?"

Jack shook his head.

"And yet you've lived here seven years! Do you know that within a year or two from now—I might almost dare say within a month or two—there'll be a thousand men about this very place we're in? and thousands more all over the country?"

"White men?"

"Not red men, at all events! except blood-red, perhaps," returned Bryan, with a boyish little laugh, that made Jack like him in spite of the grimness of the jest. "Men with pickaxes and spades and—you don't know what I'm driving at?"

Jack shook his head again.

"Well, you're as good as an Indian! I should have thought Hugh, though—well, I'll tell you. It's a big secret, Mr. Jack: such a big one that we're obliged to shoot a man sooner than let him find it out. But I owe you something for Hugh's sake; besides, you won't be able to travel much for a while yet; and there's enough for three, to say the least of it. Why, Jack, in years to come I shall be called the Second Columbus of America. He only found the country; but I found the—open your eyes, now! Look here!"

He had lifted up some skins in a corner of the tent, and now brought forward an earthen pan about a foot in diameter and six inches deep; such a pan as Jack, in days gone by, had seen Deborah make bread in. It now contained nothing apparently so useful as bread; but a great number of little crooked lumps of a yellow substance, of various sizes, from bits

no larger than a pea to fragments as big as a child's fist. The bowl was more than full of them, and was evidently very heavy.

Jack cast a look at them, and said, "I've seen things like that before. The Indians use them to make bracelets of. They look prettier when they're beaten out."

Bryan scrutinised the speaker's face closely, with a smile on his own face that was not so frank and unconstrained as usual. But Jack had no thought behind, and his eyes were clear of guile. Bryan, at length, nodded his head, shrugged his shoulders, and put the bowl down on the ground.

"This is as good as a story-book," he observed. "I once read in some story-book, by the way, about some enchanted treasure or other, which had a great deal of celebrity until some one was found who wouldn't have it as a gift; and then it was discovered to have been only a handful of chaff from the beginning. You're either a very cool hand, Mr. Jack, or—I fancy you're just what you appear. You know what this stuff is called, I suppose."

"It's a sort of gold, isn't it?"

"Yes; a pretty good sort; good enough to buy sovereigns at par, to say the least of it. So they use it for bracelets, do they? Anything else?"

"I suppose it might be used for other things," said Jack, who felt very little interest in the subject, but did not wish to appear ignorant. "What shall you use it for?"

"It doesn't look as if it could do much, does it? and yet it's the greatest miracle-worker in the world. I have only to say the word, and these yellow lumps would build me a palace on this spot where we are talking, surround it with beautiful gardens, and make a carriage-road from here to San Francisco. It would get me servants, horses, and carriages; it would bring men and women from the ends of the earth, to kneel on my

front doorstep. Or, if I chose, it would carry me all over the world, and wherever I went, I should meet with welcome, and good dinners, and affectionate friends; and everybody would be glad to have me come, and sorry when I went away. I could compel nations to make wars, or to stop them; I could give laws to kings and queens, marry an empress, or dethrone a sultan. I could fill starving folks with roast beef and ale, or dress the naked in wool and silk, or send the aristocracy to beg in the streets. I could discover all the secrets of nature, bring the moon down to the earth, sit down in England and converse with people in Australia, join the Pacific to the Atlantic, and the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, throw a bridge across the English Channel, hang my hat on the North Pole, walk on the bottom of the sea, transform the Sahara into an African Hyde Park, with black swans and nursery-maids; or, if I wanted easier work, I could turn chastity into lewdness, and honesty into knavery; I could make wives poison their husbands, and children cut their parents' throats; I could set London on fire, and blow up St. Peter's at Rome; in short, my dear sir, I could do everything with the help of these yellow lumps, and others like them, except make a woman love me, or prolong my life a moment beyond the time fate has ordained, or do or say or think a single thing that has not been predestined from the beginning of the world, or alter in the smallest degree the predetermined course of human affairs. I can do everything except anything that is really worth doing; and now can you explain what it is that gives this yellow stuff such remarkable powers?"

"No," said Jack, who had listened to this imaginative flight with quite as much attention as it deserved.

"You can't? Neither can I. It is of no earthly use except to make bracelets, as you said. You might

starve to a skeleton or freeze to an icicle with a mountain of it. A mountain of it can't make you one hair'sbreadth the happier or the wretcher. Its whole value—such as it is—lies in a thought; and if, to-morrow morning, mankind were to wake up with that thought changed or forgotten, there'd be no more rich or poor on the face of the earth, and heaven knows what would become of us all."

"You mean money—buying things," said the sagacious Jack, who now remembered some dimly apprehended discourse about dollars and cents, which he had heard in his youth. But it is probable that he had never possessed either one of those coins in the whole course of his life. Neither had he ever studied the problem of the precious metals from the philosophical point of view; and it cannot be said that Bryan's disquisition had done much to enlighten him on the subject. It had, however, given him a certain impression of Bryan which that gentleman might have been complimented to hear. Bryan appeared to him quite a novel and unprecedented specimen of human nature. He was a very different creature from Mossy Jakes, and from Hugh. Hugh had indeed spoken at great length about his own adventures, but he had done so from the subjective standpoint; so that Jack had learnt all that Hugh did and said in any given set of circumstances, but had never gained any comprehensive view of the circumstances themselves. But here was a man who saw things in the mass, and brought their ends together as it were; who was not distracted by particulars; who had drawn conclusions from what he had known, and made these conclusions into a touchstone to try the value of the untried withal; who spoke of mankind as one who had taken the measure of its greatness and littleness, its depth and shallowness; a man who could put Jack *en rapport* with all that vast realm of wonder,

the thought of which had so often kindled his imagination and provoked his ignorance. Was he a good man or an evil? Jack knew not the meaning of those terms. He knew nothing of conventional codes of morality. He knew that to lie, to be afraid, to take human life, were acts which brought disquiet of mind; but he had never asked himself wherefore. He had never heard that morality consists in not being found out. He deemed this new man good, because he embodied so much that was desirable. By his face, by his voice, by the way he stood and moved, Jack saw that this man had power. He had blindly longed for the world, and suddenly the world had met him face to face. The contact excited and exhilarated him. The world would turn out to be all and more than all he had anticipated. Jack felt in himself the awakening of an inexhaustible appetite for it. The past dwindled to a point—to nothing; from to-day everything was to begin. No fairy prince in a nursery tale ever penetrated into the enchanted valley with a warmer flush of hope and exultation than that with which Jack confronted the unknown career before him. Bryan was more than good—he was divine; he symbolised the rich and fathomless human nature in which Jack had always instinctively believed, the universal pulse of which he had felt dimly beating in his own breast, the light and shade, the colour and multiplicity of which he had vaguely prefigured in his pale untutored musings. So Jack loved Bryan with the unquestioning, uncalculating enthusiasm of one who ascribes all gifts to him who has given a glimpse of one or two; and with the boundless gratitude of one who should suppose that the man who first showed him the heavens was the creator of them. Such a sentiment is, as a rule, more often found in women than in men; but wherever it is, it is beautiful; and it is not, perhaps, common enough to be unnoticeable.

Of course I do not mean to say that all the above-mentioned emotions were aroused in Jack's soul by the ten minutes' discourse with which Bryan had favoured him. But the germ was planted there, which afterwards, and rapidly, expanded and blossomed in full luxuriance. In the course of a few days Jack's whole heart and belief were with his new friend. And not having learnt the prudent art of disguising friendly sentiments lest advantage be taken of them, he incontinently rayed out upon Bryan all the sunniness and perfume which were in him, and which he had lavished upon no man before. Bryan felt it; it interested him and set him thinking. Obvious and material interests were not the only ones which had attraction for him. He recognised the charm and potency of enjoyments at which a less broad-based personage would have turned up his nose. He began to conceive a scheme which promised well and was not hackneyed; and which admirably suited his peculiar humour. Meanwhile he took excellent care of his patient. He was something of a surgeon by nature; his influence was soothing, his touch accurate and gentle; his spirits, when he chose them to be so, unflagging. Jack was soon able to limp about on an improvised crutch; and his own untarnished constitution helped him on. He was able to be continually in Bryan's company, and to assist him in some of his gold-getting operations. Gold getting was not an operation which interested him in itself, but he allowed Bryan's interest to be sympathetically engrafted on him. A man may become prodigiously excited over the search for a four-leaved clover. Jack soon learnt how to distinguish between lucky days and unlucky ones; how to rejoice at a big find, and to be disgusted at blank draws. Tom worked with them, but was not in their company. Jack had never lost the aversion for him which he had conceived on the first day.

Tom had the figure of a man without possessing the spirit of one. He had slain his own brother, without even (so far as Jack knew) feeling any natural remorse for it; and he had tried to throw the odium of the deed upon Bryan. When Bryan had thereupon called upon him to make good his accusation with his revolver, Tom had slunk away, tacitly acknowledging his falsehood. His behaviour, in general, was whining, subservient, and listless. He trembled at a glance of Bryan's, though Bryan never offered him violence; he obeyed his lightest word, yet his obedience sprang from no affection, and was marked by no intelligence. The only occasions when he showed alacrity or expressed pleasure were when Bryan gave him leave to drink whisky; he would then go into his tent and blasphemously carouse himself to sleep. From such a character as this Jack held instinctively aloof; he regarded it as he would a noxious plant or offensive carrion. He never thought of inquiring what had made Tom what he was; it was natural to assume that he had never been anything different. He may have wondered how Bryan could bring himself to have anything to do with such a fellow; but, if so, he would have answered himself by assuming that his friend's motive must be charitable and compassionate. Tom, on his part, never attempted to hold communication with Jack, and if addressed, answered only with a stare. In fact, Tom seldom spoke at all, except in semi-articulate monologues to himself; and Bryan gave him his orders more by signs than by words. He was a sort of Caliban in the other's Setebos.

One evening, after the day's work was over, Bryan filled his tobacco-pipe and flung himself down in front of the tent door, where Jack also was reclining. The yield of the mine had on this occasion been unusually rich.

"A wise man says that enough is

as good as a feast," remarked Bryan.

"What say you, my noble Jack?"

"It might be," Jack replied. "But enough of a thing you don't like is not as good as a feast; a feast is something good, even if you haven't enough."

"That indicates a philological discrimination in you which I have already had occasion to admire; some day you must give me the details of your early education. But the point is—do you know how much gold we've got?"

"A good many bowls full, I should think."

"Well, about ten thousand pounds worth—rather more than less. We might keep on and get a million; but what's the use? We have spent a year over it—at least I have; and there are not many things worth spending more than a year on. I have satisfied my ambition. I have proved that California is a gold country, and I've had the first pickings. In another year the fun would begin to get stale. True wisdom spares the bloom of the peach. Now we may have the pleasure of spending gold that has been touched by no fingers but our own. With care, it may last two years, and that's more than long enough. Would you like to go with me to Europe, Jack?"

"Yes," said Jack, in his customary low tone, but with more emphasis than if he had shouted the word at the top of his voice.

"By the way, where were you going when—a—we met?"

The colour mounted into Jack's face. His mind, of late, had been so thronged with new thoughts and sensations that, for all he could assert to the contrary, he had forgotten Kooahi. He had never mentioned her to Bryan. Should he mention her now, and take his leave of Bryan, and go back to seek her? Jack could only feel that to take such a course was a violent impossibility. In the first place he was a cripple. In the second place—no, it was no use enumerating the objections;

the thing was not to be thought of. In a few seconds Jack had said, "I cannot tell," and felt that the die was cast. But a shadow fell upon him; and he glanced northward, where a great snow-peak lifted itself above the dark horizon. Was Kooahi there?

"So much the better," said Bryan, who had been removing an obstruction in his pipe, and had not noticed Jack's change of countenance. "Since you have no other engagement, as the young gentlemen say to the young ladies at the ball, may I have the honour? Now, I'll tell you what I think of doing. I've taken a great fancy to you; I came so near killing you that I feel as if I'd saved your life. I haven't got many friends; people at home know too much about me, and that takes the bloom off friendship, sometimes. But I and the old world are both equally new to you, and you can get a good deal of fun out of us, for a while. And inasmuch as it is more blessed to give than to receive, I shall get still more fun out of you. You shall see Europe and the kingdoms thereof under my auspices. Will that please you?"

"Yes," said Jack.

"I wonder how long you will keep to your monosyllables, after you get there! Now, Jack, whatever is worth doing is worth doing well. I intend that you shall not only receive a sensation yourself, but create one. I mean to make you a very distinguished personage. You are to be the fashion. Women are to go mad after you; men are to admire and envy you. To do you justice, you won't need much help from me; you've got as much of your own as nature generally bestows on a man; but whatever I can give you, you shall have into the bargain. I have been wondering, ever since I came to this place, what I should spend my gold for after I'd got it. I have had gold and spent it before now. To do the same things twice over is waste of time. But you come and solve my difficulty like the god-

send that you are. I shall spend my ten thousand on you. You shall have everything that ten thousand pounds can get you. In fact, you shall have a great deal more; for a man from the new world with gold in his pocket is always a millionaire in popular belief, and has credit in proportion. You don't understand all that now—but never mind. You shall have a *début* such as no young heir of the nobility need be dissatisfied with. You might be introduced as a Mexican prince—but we'll arrange the details as we go on. You can take your hints from me at the start, you know, and soon enough you'll twig the shape of things for yourself. I shouldn't be surprised if in six months you married an English countess or a Russian princess. By Jupiter, this is the best investment I ever made! I shall renew my youth in you, Jack!"

"Hadn't I better find some gold for myself?" Jack inquired.

"And spoil all my pleasure? I don't deny my selfishness, Jack; but I'm too old to change now; and it would be friendly of you to indulge me a bit."

Bryan certainly knew how to do a graceful act gracefully. Nay, was he not exhibiting a self-abnegation considerably beyond what was involved in giving away his ten thousand pounds? For Jack could have no idea of the value of money, nor therefore of the real extent of his obliga-

tion; so that Bryan was denying himself even that claim upon his beneficiary's gratitude which he might legitimately hope to enjoy. I can only say that he was perfectly sincere in his offer; and if he saw elements in it at present invisible to other eyes, that is his own affair. Meanwhile there is no ground for supposing that it was not just as handsome as it looked.

Jack, it is needless to say, had no misgivings, at least upon that score. He may have thought that his luck was too great to be safe; though probably he had not been educated up to that morbid refinement of distrust in Providence. Perhaps he told himself that it was more than he deserved—that his thoughts and movements ought to be directed in quite another direction; but if so, he kept his disquietude to himself. He lent his aid to the preparations that were immediately made for departure, and gazed northward but seldom.

Tom received the new orders without perceptible emotion. But on more than one occasion Jack detected the man watching him with an odd, half-grinning expression which he did not like. He would not trouble himself, however, to investigate the meaning of the fellow's behaviour. He began to feel like a giant, and chafed with joyful impatience to prove his strength. On the second day the party started westward.

To be continued.

TWO GOOD INSTITUTIONS.

I.—THE LITTLE HOSPITAL IN CHEYNE WALK.

FIVE years ago I wrote for this magazine an account of the "Little Hospital by the River," at 46, Cheyne Walk, now called Cheyne Hospital for Sick and Incurable Children. That account elicited so much generous help that the house next door to the hospital was purchased, three large airy wards were added, and the number of cots was increased from sixteen to thirty-four, and some of them have been permanently endowed. The cots are always full, and there is a crowded list of applicants awaiting admission—many of them cases of scrofulous disease, which, as the experience of this hospital has proved, if treated skilfully at the beginning, may be cured.

The special features of the place are unchanged, and after six years intimate acquaintance with this happy little Home and its inmates, I still wonder at the constancy and skill of the nursing which keeps these children so free from apparent suffering or discomfort, and at the bright yet gentle tone of the place.

The increased size of the wards, and the improvements effected in them, have greatly added to their airiness and healthfulness. There are now ten windows through which the patients can see the broad beautiful river, with its freight of toil and pleasure, barges, and wherries; steamers leaving long white wreaths in their wake, and outriggers darting by like flashes of sunshine. There is always, too, the exquisite view of the curve in the river, and of the tall green spire at Battersea; and there is the same gentle yet cheery tone both in nurses and patients; and as one listens to the merry laughter going on among

the cots, it is difficult to believe that scarcely one of these little ones can raise itself without help. Children are certainly wonderful beings in their elasticity of temper. All the patients here are suffering from severe disease, and yet, as a rule, they are always cheerful—often too lively for their crippled state—and they seem to take a kindly interest in one another. I have never seen any fretfulness, or selfishness, or bickering among them.

"He can read, he can," says a dark-eyed fellow of six, who has spent the greater part of his life in hospitals, and he points to a new comer in a cot opposite his own. "Oh yes, he can read and he can sing, he can only write just a leetle. I dunno much about his writin'."

"That's where *you're* wrong, Johnny," the new comer says with a smile; "I writes jest as well as I reads." At which Johnny looks apologetic and humble, for he evidently worships his new friend.

But though every good feature of the hospital remains, with additions and improvements, there are many changes in the patients. Except dear blind Mary—always smiling and cheerful (though she has hydrocephalus besides total blindness)—our favourites of five years ago have left us. Bright-eyed Tom, "the Water-baby," as he was called, after lying on his back four years with diseased spine, is now sent away cured, an active, slightly crippled lad, who will be able to earn his own living; while Friar Tuck, our dear rosy Harry, who came in to us a baby diseased in both hips and in the

spine, is now with three others, also cured, in the little Convalescent Home at Cambridge, under the care of a woman in the children's own rank of life, to whom seven shillings per week are paid for each patient. George, and Dick, and many others, received as incurable patients into this loving Home, prepared to cherish them, and, if it must be, to smooth their way to the end which seemed so near at hand, have been sent to their homes comparatively strong and well.

Others have departed—have been taken to their Rest. Among these dear, loving Sally left us two years ago; and now we have lost Charlie, "Big Charlie," as they called the dear fellow, because he was so much older than any of the other patients. Some time ago he was considered too old for the hospital, and there was a talk of taking him away, but it was found that he could not safely be removed, and I think every one who knew the hospital rejoiced that he was to remain. Though for years he had been paralysed to above the middle of his body, he seemed to enjoy life, and was a most interesting companion; his death is deeply felt both at the hospital and by the visitors with whom he had become a cherished friend. Lying there, watching the river, he thought much about life, of which he got glimpses in the books he read so eagerly, whenever he was able. He liked to listen to Tennyson and Scott, and, above all, to *Hiawatha*, and it was very interesting to hear his comments on writers and on books. One day I read to him for the first time "The Jackdaw of Rheims." "That's the best poetry of all," said Charlie; "it's got a go in it." He had a keen sense of humour, and was much amused by some short pieces of Oliver Wendell Holmes. To the last his interest in all that went on around him continued, and this was marvelous, for disease with him had latterly assumed a multiplied and far severer form. Just a week before he died he

said, "Please don't bring any presents before Christmas-day. I like 'em best on the day itself."

He was always patient and uncomplaining, and full of sympathy for others; and he took a lively interest in public events, especially those of a warlike character. "Has there been another battle?" he used to say, while the Zulu war was going on. His pensive, intelligent face in the corner by the window will long be missed by all.

There are some interesting patients left in his ward; a group of very little boys, one of whom is so tiny that he cannot yet speak, but he laughs and seems to share in the general merriment, and admires the gay show of Lent lilies and primroses which at this season bring an atmosphere of the country and spring sunshine into the wards.

Besides the perfect nursing of this hospital, the surgical skill displayed there is very great; several so-called "incurable" cases of hip disease have been entirely cured; and quite lately the universal pet of the place, our "Baby Dumpling," dear little Ada, has been restored to her mother in perfect health. Two years ago she came to the hospital a miserable little object, covered with sores. Very soon the skilful treatment and tender watchful nursing effected a change in her looks. The best account of her present state is furnished by a letter from the lady, who has paid for her residence in Cheyne Hospital, to the Lady Superintendent of the hospital. She says: "I feel it only due to you to say how greatly I appreciate the care and skill that have been shown in Ada's case. She came to you a wretched, almost dying infant, and you have returned her to her mother a healthy, plump, well-behaved child. . . . I am quite anxious for the doctor who pronounced her incurable to see her. We are still more gratified to find that the influence exercised over her has been so truly good; I cannot but think you

must be peculiarly fortunate in your nurses from the way in which the child speaks of them. I have been led to form the highest opinion of the hospital from this case." And the mother of the child writes in equally appreciative and grateful terms.

Some of the little girls now with us are very interesting. One who suffers more than the others, is most sweet and patient, and when she is not too feeble, is always busy with some pretty needlework. That little mite in the corner, Jenny, is ever ready for a game at ball. She longs to be a boy, and her hope is that one day she shall "grow into a boy." It is wonderful that such an active spirit should keep so bright in such bodily inactivity.

Down stairs is the Kingsley Ward, and over the "Charles Kingsley cot," founded in his memory, hangs his portrait. There are several interesting cases in this ward. One boy, when he was received, had paralysis of the limbs, and a severe spinal curvature. His paralysis is cured, and he can now, by the aid of that wonderful contrivance "a Sayer's jacket," walk about without the help of crutches. It is touching to learn that one of these boys was heard in the night asking another to pray for him.

"Pray out loud that I may hear," the feeble little voice said.

In this ward is a very comical fellow of five years old; he has disease in the ankle; he is a sturdy-looking child, and when you ask his name he tells you "Jim Dustcart." His father is a dustman, and Jim takes intense pride in the dust business. His name is "Dustcart," he says; but if any one pretends to mistake, and calls him "Dustbin," he is extremely affronted. "I'm going to give you a handsome present, Sister," he says to the kind Lady Superintendent of whom he and all the children are very fond. "When I'm well, I'll bring you a dustcart." He is extremely happy just now, for he is able to get up and go about on crutches, and instead of the petti-

coats which he wore till he came to the hospital, he has a knickerbocker suit. "Look at me," he said; "do you see my knickerbockers? I'm agoin' to send home for my hat and feathers." He was much excited at Christmas, and said he smelt sausages cooking, a week beforehand.

People say a children's hospital is a sad sight. I do not think so, when patients are treated as they are here. It seems to me rather a deep cause for joy that here at least is an oasis always fresh and green in the desert of suffering misery which those who know ever so little of their needy brothers and sisters in huge London and elsewhere, know to be the doom of disease in a poverty-stricken home. If the children must die, they die here happily, and surrounded with every alleviation to pain and languor.

But I could cite many instances of recovery in patients pronounced incurable when they were admitted, and if all the cots of this hospital could be permanently endowed, far more good could be done to the suffering children of the poor.

But besides the question of income, the hospital sorely needs funds for building purposes. The two quaint old houses that contain it have the fault of that want of modern conveniences and appliances natural to houses of their period. It is really wonderful to see how good management has contrived so far, without what seem in the present day necessary adjuncts; and although there is ample space to build such necessary additions behind the house, there is not space within the building, as it stands, for the wants of its inhabitants. There is also a great need of help to establish a Convalescent Home in purer air for patients sufficiently recovered to go there. If such a Home could be provided on a permanent scale, it would greatly increase the use of this hospital, for the children who recover have been rescued from such dire disease, they

have been used to such perfect nursing and tender treatment, that, when they are well enough to leave the hospital, they resemble hothouse flowers, and require some intermediate shelter before they are sent to their homes, or to any industrial institution. It is a touching proof of the value of the institution, to see how unwilling the children are to go away; "Baby Dumpling" could only be comforted by the hope that some day she should come back to her kind friends. She had to be labelled like a parcel when she went home lest her mother should fail to recognise in the plump, bright-faced little creature returned to her, the miserable, half-blind, repulsive-

looking child who left her two years ago.

When I see how liberally outside appeals for money for charitable purposes are answered, I feel sure that it is only necessary to ask for help in this cause, and that this little English refuge which has more than fulfilled its promise in giving back to happy, healthy life so many who seemed doomed to an early grave, will get the permanent support it needs to enable it in all essentials to carry on its work.

Communications should be addressed to the Secretary, 46, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

II.—OUR CONVALESCENT GUESTS.

"Who are those people one sees about now who look as if they had come out of hospital? I don't think they belong to the place." This question was several times put and answered during last summer, in a village which may pass muster here as Micklehead. Sometimes one would see a couple of pale-faced men strolling up towards the down, or a man with a crutch hobbling towards the "Sullen Mole" to bathe the limb which was slowly recovering after breakage; or a child would stop to cough and recover from excessive delight in unwonted daisies; or a pony-carriage, lent by a lady for the purpose, would climb the upward road and display the glorious view before a couple of old dames, whose eyes were used to no larger prospect than the back streets of Stepney or Lambeth. These

were some of our guests. Their total number was but small compared with those entertained elsewhere, but the experiment at Micklehead deserves a special record, because it is believed to be the only instance where men, women, and children have all been received. The intention of this paper is to show who our guests were, how they came to us, and how easily what was done here might be done in scores, if not hundreds, of villages.

But first it is needful to explain the nature of the whole experiment, of which ours formed only a small and comparatively insignificant part. Most people know of the existence of convalescent homes, where the sick poor of London and other large towns recover strength after illness. The establishments at Walton, Eastbourne, Ventnor, and many others, some for

special classes of patients, others for all in the convalescent stage except contagious cases, persons liable to epileptic fits, and the like. But many do not know how far the supply of these excellent institutions was from meeting the demand. The C. O. S.—let us be permitted to substitute the initials for the cumbersome title of the Charity Organization Society—the C. O. S. had long been aware not only of the deficiency, but of the want of organization which hampered the usefulness of such accommodation as this was. From October to May most convalescent homes had a scanty supply of visitors, so scanty as scarcely to justify the necessary expenses of house and staff. But with Whitsuntide all was changed. “Then longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,” and the longing which is natural to those in high health,—“So pricketh hem nature in hir corages,”—becomes a question often of life or death to those who are recovering from sickness. When the doctor has so far triumphed and active illness has given way, the idea of going back to, or remaining in, the dingy bedroom in the hot, unsavoury court, is almost intolerable. To stay there means almost certainly the return of disease, while a few weeks in the country will complete the cure. In the summer, therefore, the convalescent homes are over crowded, and the supply of accommodation, which was excessive some months earlier, falls miserably short. Neither were there any sufficient arrangements for bringing the benefit to those in want of it. The hospitals arranged for the convalescent treatment of their in-patients, but the out-patients and others had to shift for themselves, or depend upon benevolent persons whose information was often none of the best. An applicant to a district committee, who wished to be sent to a convalescent home, had to wait while the necessary letter was sought and perhaps advertised for, and too often the search ended in failure, or only

succeeded after delay had done irreparable mischief.

True to its primary duty of organizing charitable relief the C. O. S. undertook, in the beginning of last year, to supply the want. On the one hand the convalescent homes were visited by a gentleman sent especially for the purpose; and a league was formed with them by which the C. O. S. undertook to keep them better supplied with patients in the winter, and to enable them to accommodate, within or without their walls, all suitable cases in the summer. On the other hand the C. O. S. went to the hospitals, and offered to provide convalescent treatment for all suitable cases sent by them. Instructions were sent to the district committees urging them to investigate all applications for convalescent treatment, and assuring them that funds should not be wanting. It was a bold undertaking, and if it had altogether “come off” last summer it is doubtful whether it would not have overtaxed even the strength of the C. O. S. No one knew quite what to expect. Had the hospitals fully availed themselves of the offer, had all the committees entered into the scheme with their full strength, many more invalids would have been sent into the country, but the sudden strain upon the resources of the Society would have been very great. Last summer this anticipation was not fully realised. Most people, even the hospital authorities, seem not to have understood the proposal. District committees are apt to suffer from the *morbus aestivalis*; some of them have been in the habit of assuming that there is little or nothing to do in the summer. Where people like Lady Brabazon and her allies, or the Rev. S. A. Barnett, were at work the convalescent scheme flourished. In one district, where the committee had vanished for the summer holiday, the wife of a clergyman did most of the convalescent work. In Newington the energy of a lady member of the

committee sent to the country a constant and plentiful stream of cases. Lambeth, Stepney, South St. Pancras, and many other committees worked hard and well, but on the whole the task was found much less heavy than was expected. Next summer, when charitable workers are more alive to the great and generous offer of the C. O. S., a very different state of things may be expected, for which we can only hope that the funds and machinery of the Society will be fully prepared.

But as no one knew when the crush might come, it was determined in Micklehead to do such small things as Micklehead might towards lightening the task of the C. O. S. The Society had undertaken to find accommodation for all eligible comers, and if these came in increased numbers nothing was more certain than that there would be no room for them in existing homes. We had no convalescent home, nor have we now, but a small local committee was formed to board out convalescent patients. It was but little that could be done; we could deal with but a handful compared with those boarded out by Lady Brabazon and others elsewhere. But every little helps, and this is what was done.

The local committee undertook to board a few convalescents sent to Micklehead by the London C. O. committees, with such respectable cottagers as were willing to receive them. The rate of payment was fixed at 10s. a week for an adult, man or woman, and less for a child according to age. As this was a first trial no general appeal was made to the inhabitants. The C. O. S. bore most of the cost, and the vicar, who from the first entered most cordially into the scheme, pledged the funds at his disposal to one-fifth of the expense of a limited number of patients. All, therefore, that remained for the local committee to do was to receive and answer applications from their London correspondents, to

arrange with the cottager hosts, and to look after the comfort of the guests. We began in July, and up to the close of January had received twenty-five, for longer or shorter periods. This taken alone would be a narrow experience from which to recommend the boarding out experiment, but our results are amply confirmed by others who have dealt with larger numbers. It is hoped that we in Micklehead may extend our operations next summer, and that other villages and country places may take up the work.

One advantage of the boarding out plan is that some cases can thus be dealt with that would not be received in ordinary convalescent homes. For example:—A member of a C. O. committee while visiting a London hospital was asked by the chaplain if anything could be done for an elderly woman suffering from bad legs. She had received as much benefit as the hospital could give her, but was far from cured; and if she went back to the one stuffy little room which she shared with her old sister would very soon be as bad as ever. It was not thought that any convalescent home would receive her, and the hospital authorities were even thinking of sending her to the workhouse infirmary. But the C. O. committee provided for her at Micklehead, where she remained for many weeks, and was so far set up that she was seen well able to walk and in fair health some four months later. In another instance a committee were at their wits' end to know what to do with a cook, whom bad legs had thrown out of employment, and whom no hospital would receive. She, too, was boarded out with us until she was well enough to go to a place. A very respectable young woman who came to another committee in a sad condition might perhaps have been equally well sent to a home, but we could take her more promptly. She was friendless, and illness had eaten up her savings. Our fresh air restored her

strength, and a lady in this village found a situation for her.

The men might, most of them, have gone to a convalescent home, but they almost all, it is believed, preferred the boarding out plan. We had some difficulties to contend with, but not many. One man could not agree with his hosts, and had to be sent back; another was returned before his time, to our great regret, for a different reason. He had come from a home of great poverty, but was a very decent old man, apparently clean. But presently his hostess came in great horror to the committee, with the dire intelligence that his shirt was all—well, “a rhyme modern etiquette never allows ye,” as Ingoldsby turns it. No care on the part of those who send down cases can prevent such catastrophes, if the very poor are sent, who cannot be trusted to wash and change their under garments. Yet such accidents, if repeated, would be absolutely fatal to the boarding out experiment, since only the best and cleanest cottagers are selected as hosts, who will not put up with the importation in question. The poorest class of cases, therefore, should not be boarded out, but sent to homes where baths and other appliances are at hand. We had eleven men and a lad, and on the whole with very satisfactory results. Most of them struck up a great friendship with their hosts, and corresponded with them afterwards; one of them describing our village as “a perfect Arcadia;” another, a single man, liked the place so well that, when his time was up, he elected to stop on his own account. He was a house decorator by trade, found work here, and paid for the lodgings which we had procured for him when he was a convalescent. There he still is, and there he, being a judge of good quarters, seems likely to remain. It seems, however, that we made a mistake in paying the same for men and women. The men as a rule eat more, and give more trouble than a woman, and are not use-

ful in small domestic ways. She, for example, will make her own bed, and tidy up her room, all which falls upon the hostess in the case of a male guest. Probably if 10s. be paid for boarding a woman at least 12s. would be fairly required for a man; and this is understood to be also the opinion of a lady who has had much experience. But hitherto no systematic arrangements have been made for boarding out men; our small experience will, it is hoped, encourage the extension of the plan to them as well as to women and children.

We have usually insisted that convalescent patients sent to us to be boarded out should first pass through the inquiries of a C. O. committee, and probably we shall in future be rather more than less strict on this point. Some persons wish that the rule of investigation should be relaxed if not abandoned in convalescent cases, but to this the present writer at least is wholly unable to assent. It would be quite impossible to get respectable cottagers to receive such guests unless they can be assured that their character and cleanliness can be certified; and, speaking generally, we cannot be assured of this unless the applicant come from a C. O. committee. Some relaxation of investigation as to thrift may be allowed, but honesty, sobriety, and the like must be carefully ascertained. Besides, on more general grounds, it is essential that the circumstances of applicants should be discovered, since they or their friends ought to be made to pay what fair proportion of their cost—at least equivalent to their keep at home—should fall upon them. All this could be found out with no hurt to any but the most unreasonably sensitive feelings.

In many committees the honorary-secretary, or a member of the committee could himself undertake the investigation of a sensitive case. If there be committees who do not know how to conduct delicately a delicate

investigation so much the worse for those committees, and for the society of which they are parts. If this be anywhere the case there is doubtless reason for complaint, and, it may be added, for reform. But so far as we know, and on the whole, the investigation of the C. O. S. is incomparably the best to be had, and no boarding out system can afford to dispense with it.

There is much more to be said, but not here or now. The object of this short paper is to show what may be done, quite easily, with very little trouble, and with excellent results. In how many villages near London or other large towns are there ladies and gentlemen with nothing to do and plenty of time to do it in, and considerable charitable funds spent every year in ways of more than doubtful expediency? Here is an occupation than which none is more interesting, a charity than which none is purer. We may hesitate long about some forms of charity, or so-called charity,

and doubt whether the harm they certainly do must not be greater than any benefit they can possibly bestow; but to supply the needed interval between the sick bed and the workshop, the fresh air that brings back a healthy colour, the change which saves the over-worked from collapse—this is not doubtful charity, it is pure well-doing with no suspicion of a drawback. And those who will do—on a wider scale and better, let us hope—what we did last summer at Micklehead, will find their reward in a well-filled life in place of an empty one, in better acquaintance with their own cottagers, and in the knowledge that many a father is now supporting his family who but for them would have remained a burden, many a woman is bright and busy who would have dragged on a dreary, helpless life, many a child rosy cheeked who would perhaps have been in its little grave by this time, but for the care of the friendly cottager hosts in the country.

M. W. MOGGRIDGE.

A DISTANT SHORE—RODRIGUES.

IN this, the winter season, the evenings, and even the afternoons, are deliciously fresh and cool in Mauritius, and no one could desire a more enchanting twilight hour than that of Saturday, June 25, 1881. We were standing on the deck of H.M.S. *Euryalus*, the splendid flag-ship of the East India Station, watching the crowded quays of Port Louis, its dingy high-peaked houses scarcely showing behind the wharves, and the deep blue and purple mountains which rose beyond them all, slipping slowly away from us. It was we who appeared to be steadfastly set and lying motionless on the quiet waters of the harbour, but in reality the great ship had gently swung round and was gliding out to sea, dwarfing everything she passed to the size of a yacht as she calmly threaded her way among the crowd of vessels from all parts of the world.

The smoke from her big guns had hardly melted away, and still hung in fantastic wreaths here and there, for the Lieutenant-Governor of Mauritius had just come on board, and been received with those honours and ceremonies which never seem so pretty and appropriate as on the deck of a fine man-of-war. The trim sailors—their fresh complexions and sturdy frames contrasting sharply with the fallow faces and spare figures we are accustomed to see—the gleam of scarlet and steel from the smart Marines drawn up as a guard of honour on the spacious quarter-deck—the groups of courteous officers in full naval uniform dotted here and there—the music of the “God save” (as our French fellow-colonists call the National Anthem) from the band—all had gone to make up a picturesque and cordial welcome.

We were bound for Rodrigues, a

tiny dependency of our own fair isle, lying about 350 miles to the north-east. For some time past the condition of this little “outlying farm” had given the Government of Mauritius many twinges of anxiety, owing to the reports of constantly recurring famines, and of seasons of distress among its inhabitants. Officials had been despatched thither from time to time to seek out the causes of such a state of things, and had duly reported on what they saw and heard. It was all melancholy enough, and hardly to be patched up by sending a ship-load of rice to the poor little fishing village on the coast when the accounts became worse than usual, which had been the only form of remedy hitherto possible. But F—— felt that nothing could be really undertaken for the benefit of this poor “distressful” little islet in the middle of the Indian Ocean until he himself should have visited it and found out the why and wherefore of its troubles, arising from the failure of its crops, the sudden scantiness of its fisheries, and so forth.

The trip had therefore long been determined upon; but as there is no communication between Mauritius and Rodrigues for more than half the year, and that communication is limited to a small—a very small—schooner of less than 100 tons, the difficulty lay in carrying out the determination. The home authorities, both in Downing Street and Whitehall, had expressed their approbation of the proposed visit, and had given every facility for its accomplishment, requesting the Admiral of the East India Station to despatch one of the smaller men-of-war under his command to Mauritius to convey the Lieutenant-Governor and his party to Rodrigues. The voyage would need to be made

during the winter months, when there would be no risk of hurricane weather. We were therefore expecting the arrival, sometime perhaps in September, of a man-of-war to take us across, when the unexpected advent of the *Euryalus* showed that the Admiral was determined to carry out the suggestions from home in the widest and most cordial spirit. A diplomatic mission to Madagascar, entailing a visit to the capital, was made to fit in with this projected trip to Rodrigues; so it had come to pass that the *Euryalus* had left her Admiral starting, a week before, for Antananarivo in *chaises à porteurs*, and had come down here to carry us comfortably and swiftly on this errand of investigation.

In spite of our national love of grumbling—a characteristic which thrives and brings forth fruit abundantly in the colonies—England is not such a bad stepmother to her colonial children after all. No sooner had the evil case of this little speck of a dependency—smaller than many a Scotch sheep farm—been brought before the authorities in Downing Street—no sooner had the earnest entreaty of the able and kind-hearted magistrate who rules Rodrigues, for help of a more substantial and lasting kind, been forwarded to the Colonial Office, without an hour's delay, by the Mauritius Government, than it made every effort, and gave every facility, for a thorough investigation of grievances which must have seemed minute indeed compared to the clamorous cries for aid and advice arising every day from all points of the compass. Whatever we may say to the contrary, no sooner does a real demand for help or assistance reach what we delight to call the "dull, cold official ear," than prompt is the action taken, especially when it is a question of hardship or oppression, and speedy the relief rendered. The feeble cry which had gone up from distant Rodrigues, barely three months before, had been met and answered with all possible speed, and in consequence we stood, a little

group of five landsfolk, on the poop of the stately *Euryalus* that halcyon afternoon, turning our faces seaward to meet the freshening wind.

One of the most pressing needs of the little island had been the visit of a clergyman of the English Church, to baptise the few Protestant children within its shores, and it had not taken our excellent Bishop an hour to decide on accepting an invitation to accompany the party.

As I have said, it was an absolutely perfect afternoon on shore as to colour and balmy beauty, and it had besides that touch of crisp sharpness in its evening hour so dear to the hearts of all tropic-dwellers. But as we left our lovely island-coast behind us and looked out to sea, some anxiety began to arise in our minds as to what that bright expanse of tumbling water—blue with the wonderful blueness of a turquoise sky reflected in its own sapphire depths—might have to say to us. I flatter myself that I am the last person to tell tales out of school, so I shall briefly state that, to me, its advice was speedily and emphatically given, to go below to my airy and comfortable cabin, and there remain in silence and solitude until such time as we got under the lee of Rodrigues, nearly three days later. During this period of penitential retirement, my one gleam of pleasure arose from the bulletins brought to me every now and then by the young lady of the party, touching the prostrate condition of the others. I took a positively fiendish joy in hearing of the heterogeneous remedies they had asked for, and of the tragic consequences of taking an orange and a cup of tea—side by side, so to speak—early in the morning. I could not look at anything except iced soda-water; so I revelled, if so feeble a sensation of mirth could be called revelling, in the idea of what woe must surely follow in the wake of repeated tumbler of weak, warm, and well-sugared brandy-and-water.

Fortunately one's mental emotions

are as pale and vapid as one's physical sensations during such awful days as I passed below, therefore I am not ashamed to confess that next to these gleams of fiendish joy came a sensation of peevish and spiteful wrath at this said young person's buoyant and beaming demeanour. She had but one rival in the proud distinction of keeping well among our eight selves (for the three servants were helplessly ill from first to last), and she vowed that no ballroom compliment ever sounded so sweet in her ears as the chuckling criticism of one of the blue-jackets, who declared that "the little 'un wor the best sailor o' the lot." I hope he included the whole ship's company, or else the sweet flattery must have lost half its honeyed point. It was horribly tantalising as I lay, silent and supine, "knowing no joy but calm," to listen to her ecstatic descriptions of the delightfulness of everything; how cool and fresh was the strong head-wind, how blue and beautiful the big waves of this glorious Indian Ocean, how full of thoughtful care and courtesy our kindest of kind hosts, how screens from sun and wind rose up as if by magic whenever they were needed, how hungry she felt, how good everything tasted—in short, how perfect was the system of petting and spoiling and making comfortable which started into existence the moment we two ladies stepped on board.

The strong south-east trade wind, dead a-head, and the rough tumbling sea, lasted until the early morning of Tuesday the 28th of June, when Rodrigues was sighted, and we had threaded our way through the outer girdle of reefs and dropped anchor a mile or so from the shore before the water could be fairly called smooth. The hills of the little island looked green and peaceful beneath the lights and shadows, the swiftly changing sunshine and the scudding showerets of that April-like day. Still smaller islets dotted the shallow water to the south-west between us and the strip

of glistening beach, and the blue path of deep water to the little landing stage of Port Mathurin could plainly be made out as it twisted and twined among the dark-hued patches of shoal water and the white curling curves of foam which marked where the coral growth had pushed itself up to the surface. With no other land near to dwarf her proportions and to take away from the height of her softly rounded hills, Rodrigues stands out well between the blue brilliances of sky and sea. The little island is but a dozen miles long by five miles broad, but possesses much valuable land. The grazing ground, though the grass is coarse, is specially good along the beach, and gives ample pasturage for over 5,000 head of cattle. When one considers that there is besides a good deal of rough, jungle-grown country, farther back, where deer, guinea-fowl, and partridges abound, the feed must be good to maintain so many cattle in fair condition. The green hills rise to the respectable height of some 300 feet in the centre, and run down in deeply cleft slopes to the very edge of the sea. Although every little dell holds its thread of running water, no river or cascades break the sea view, and we felt almost indignant when we discovered that a fine waterfall apparently tumbling over a bold face of rock half-way up a hill-side, was nothing more nor less than a bucket of whitewash emptied over the cliff, and intended as a guide to vessels entering the roadstead.

Almost the instant the anchor had touched the ground beneath our keel the royal standard was hoisted at the main, and dozens of gay and fluttering flags and pennants flew out from stem to stern, it being the anniversary of the Queen's accession. A little later, at noon, a royal salute boomed out from our big guns, to the great joy and delight of the island folk on shore, who took it all as part of a glorious *jour de fête*. Nothing seemed to bring home to one the utter loneliness, the uneventful mo-

notony of life at Rodrigues, so much as the flutter of delighted excitement into which the arrival of the flag-ship seemed to have thrown every one in the island, to judge by the hurrying to and fro, the launching of boats and canoes, the stir and movement in the village, which could plainly be made out through our glasses.

So far as their "simple annals" tell, only two English men-of-war have visited these waters since 1813, when the whole British squadron rendezvoused at Port Mathurin, the principal village of Rodrigues, bringing down the sick and wounded soldiers and sailors after the capture of Bourbon and Mauritius. So high stood the reputation of the island in those days, that the English troops employed in both those actions were sent to Rodrigues and encamped there for some time with the best results in point of health. But during the last sixty-five years the island has only been visited by H.M.S. *Conway*, in 1845, and by H.M.S. *Shearwater* for surveying purposes, in 1874. Such a stately ship as the big *Euryalus* was indeed a novelty to the islanders, and from the pilot—a very important personage in Rodrigues—down to the two mild *condamnés* or prisoners, who represented the evil doers of the village, every one gave themselves up to the task of welcoming the new arrivals.

The magistrate's smart boat was alongside almost directly, and we had the pleasure of welcoming in him an old friend of former Mauritius days. The first point to be discussed was the official landing, which was finally fixed for three o'clock that afternoon. Of course, as happens in more civilised parts of the world, a mischievous zephyr at once stole out to play, and selected the tiny pier at Port Mathurin as a base of operations. Palm branches were whisked away, gay bannerets, meant to float out into space, were tightly twisted round their own poles, triumphal arches swayed hither and thither, and the Reception Committee was

driven nearly frantic by the wayward breeze, which every now and then died away to let a heavy shower fall. Still there is a limit even to meteorological malice, and the sun shone gaily out as the Admiral's barge touched the neat little jetty, soon after 3 p.m.

The scene looked bright and pretty to a wonderful degree, and it was hard to believe that such a weary silent waste of waters lay between Rodrigues and the nearest centre of civilisation. Every effort had been made by all—and one must remember the mass of the people are very poor indeed—to do honour to their Queen in the person of her representative, and the thought of how difficult it must have been to procure materials and arrange details, gave a significance to red cloth and mottoes of welcome which might easily be missed from more magnificent receptions. Here the welcome was at least genuine, and more delighted faces, just touched with a look of childish awe, the sun never shone on, than those which formed the background of the little official group round our cordial hosts of Rodrigues. Everything had been fitly arranged to do honour to the day and the occasion; and the band from the *Euryalus*, and the guard of honour of Marines ran each other hard for the first place in the islanders' good graces. Each were heard and beheld for the first time, and each attracted a crowd of admiring devotees. *Ces messieurs avec les trompettes* were indeed popular, but, on the other hand, the simple fisher folk gazed with all their eyes at the motionless red line, and their comments in wonderful *patois* made quite a buzz in the air. There was actually an address, and a very good address too, and it had to be replied to, so I had plenty of time to look at the smiling faces around. So clean and neat as they all appeared; the simple draperies of the women brightened by a gay handkerchief worn over the head, and all seemed decently and comfortably clothed. Of course I glanced at the children first, because

my mind was full of the stories of distress and hunger I had heard; but evidently the *mauvais saison* had passed and gone, for all the little people looked as fat as dumplings, and as glossy as so many purple plums! They did not seem a bit shy, and I observed the same gentle courtesy of manner in the people standing around, which is the characteristic of the French creole everywhere.

After a wonderful amount of hand-shaking and bowing, the official part of the reception is considered over, and we all stroll towards the magistrate's pretty house standing in its neatly-kept garden, shaded by filaos, a tree which looks very like a young larch. The gentlemen of course break up into knots, some to inquire about the prospects of getting up a *chasse*, some to arrange about our excursion to "the mountain," as the high land in the interior is called; but F—and the magistrate at once plunge into details of business and walk off to the office of the latter, and are no more seen or heard of until it is time to return to our beautiful sea-home. I may as well mention here that the state of the tide and the depth of the water ruled and governed all our actions and movements during our stay at Rodrigues! Did the ever-hospitable magistrate press us to stay and dine? "You'll never be able to get back on board to-night if you do!" would come from some Cassandra-like voice. Was it a question of going on shore in the morning? "Pray be ready by 8.30 at latest, as there is no water after 9 A.M.," and so forth. At low water an ordinary ship's boat cannot get nearer than 400 or 500 yards, and one has to tranship into a "dug-out" or "pirogue" or some other frail and unseaworthy craft, and finish the rest of the voyage standing on a big palm leaf at the bottom of a very leaky canoe. At the best of times the serpentine passage needs careful steering, and there are stakes fastened in many of the worst places to lessen the risk.

However, on this special afternoon, the tide accommodated itself to our wish of remaining on shore until dusk, and we ladies had a delightful tea in the pretty, fern-hung verandah of the magistrate's house, where his pleasant wife made us more than welcome. For my part I enjoyed, more than anything else, a game of play with her pretty fair-haired children, who seemed to lead exactly the ideal life of one's own childhood. There was a strong flavour of the *Swiss Family Robinson* about their play-place up a big tree, approached by a sort of ladder draw-bridge, and a *soupeon* of our beloved *Robinson Crusoe* in another play-room made out of an old boat half buried in the sand, beneath some wide-spreading branches. Then the playthings were so delightful and so superior to anything ever bought out of a shop. Wee tortoisés who seemed phlegmatic, and not to mind a good deal of interference with the liberty of the subject; a bigger tortoise, apparently used as a pony, and ridden on by each laughing mite in turn; sweet little baby kids (a present from some mountaineer); parroquets, and lots of chickens and ducklings who were all being brought up, very literally, by hand.

Dusk and the falling tide came all too soon, and we had to fish F— out of the office where he was quite happy, buried in papers, and take him back on board the *Euryalus* to a delightful tranquil evening, seated, after dinner, on deck, listening to the band, and hoping its strains could reach the shore and gladden the ears of the landsfolk. A lamp burns all night in the magistrate's office in true patriarchal fashion, and a policeman sits there; and, well content with this primitive provision for their safety and succour, the dwellers in the sixty houses forming Port Mathurin put out their candles and go to bed apparently about 8 o'clock. By 9 P.M. this solitary lamp was the only speck of light on shore, but the brilliant starlight showed us the sleeping island almost as plainly as in the day. It was quite

cold after sunset, and we needed to be well wrapped up on deck, although the southern cross hung above our heads, and we were supposed to be in tropic latitudes.

Next morning we were up and on shore betimes, but F—— was not to be torn away from the magistrate's office all day, and there were heaps of people to see him and talk about island affairs. We ladies strolled about under the guidance of the magistrate's wife, Mrs. O'H——, and paid visits to the school house and hospital (which by the way was shut up for lack of patients), and made acquaintance with the principal people of the village. The houses looked neat and comfortable, and were sufficiently furnished, but I was disappointed not to see more attempts at a garden anywhere. My eyes are so used to seeing flowers and foliage plants round every little house in Mauritius, that I quite miss here the refined look they give, and their absence is not due to any disadvantage of soil or climate. Alas! the constant cry and complaint is of the laziness of the people; their supineness, their shiftlessness. They are said to be good tempered and docile and gentle in the highest degree, but Mrs. O'H—— finds it fearfully difficult to implant the least spark of energy or tidiness, or love of home decoration in the breasts of the women. They are so folded away from everything and everybody, their life is so idyllic in its ease and repose, their wants so few and so easily satisfied, that they never look beyond the evening of the existing day, and carry their *laissez-aller* to an exasperating point.

However, it is no question of *laissez-aller* or of indolence to-day. Every one is bustling about, and the day, although supposed to be an "off" one as far as sight-seeing went, and devoted by F—— and the magistrate to the hardest possible office work, passed pleasantly and quickly. It is midwinter here, and consequently the weather is rather showery and unsettled — constant squalls coming

swiftly and darkly up over the lovely bay, and driving us all under shelter for a bit. But the climate is enchanting; deliciously cool, with that peculiar champagne-y feel of mountain air. Sickness is almost unknown, and the health statistics would make the Registrar-General dissatisfied with all his other returns. In this respect Rodrigues has the advantage over her elder and more grown up sister. (Rodrigues may fairly be considered "not out" yet!) The climate of Mauritius, for more than half the year, is delicious, and it is astonishing to find how low, in the upper parts of the island, is the temperature all the year round. Even in summer the thermometer seldom marks more than eighty-one, and the heat only becomes oppressive for an hour or two at the close of a long sultry afternoon. Except when a hurricane is brewing, the nights are always cool, and anything more enchanting than the evening verandah-life of Mauritius cannot be imagined. But it is too cold to sit in the verandah after dinner between May and October, and one is glad of a fire generally after dinner. So much for the over-abused climate of dear pretty Mauritius, which is only disagreeable in Port Louis. The causes for the unhealthiness of nearly the whole island must be sought elsewhere, but one has good hope of their being recognised and remedied. At present we are enjoying airs of Paradise blowing softly over the green hills of Rodrigues, and we say fondly and regretfully to each other, "What a pity Mauritius is not as healthy as this."

I forget at what hour the tyrant tide hurried us on board that night. All I recollect is that it got us out of bed very early on the following morning, Thursday, for we wanted to start betimes for "the mountain." We left the *Euryalus* soon after eight, taking with us both her captain and commander who had been invited by the good abbés to join our expedition; and it would be hard to find a merrier party than set forth, an hour later, from the

magistrate's house. The weather was perfect then and all day long, not a squall or drop of rain, only a fresh-feeling light breeze and grateful intervals of cloudy skies. It had, however, been very rough during the night. The procession seemed endless, and every one in it was laughing! We two ladies were carefully placed in chairs with long bamboos lashed to their arms, and, except for the moment of being hoisted up or lowered down, when everything in earth and sky appeared insecure and fleeting, in these improvised *chaises à porteurs* we were borne swiftly and steadily along. The track wound up and along the mountain sides for over five miles, and until we reached the latter part, called the "Magistrate's road," it was pretty rough walking for the gentlemen. Here and there we came upon a sort of steep staircase of slippery stones, over all of which our stalwart porters carried us without stumble or slide. At each turn of the zig-zag path we were fain to beg for a moment to turn round and look at the pretty scene below. A deep and wooded ravine divided us from the village nestled among its trees and palms; a few outlying huts—*cases* they are called—each the centre of a garden ground, made a picturesque fringe to the neat borders of the little town. Large patches of rank grass, vividly green, however, stretched down almost to the water's edge, and it was but a very narrow strip of shining beach which the long heaving blue wash of water seemed to touch so gently. Beyond lay a dazzling expanse of sea and sky all golden and glowing, with changing tints under passing cloud shadows. The tan sail of a canoe, or whiter sheet of a fishing boat, glanced hither and thither, flitting about to catch the light breeze, but dwarfed into toydom whenever they came near the great war ship lying motionless in the offing.

We had plenty of time, and no one was in a hurry. All the gentlemen walked, and many halts were called,

if not always to admire the view, then to gather the sweet limes and oranges which grew in uncultivated profusion around. I was not hot and thirsty, so I found them rather sour, but the walkers declared them to be excellent. A little pruning and grafting would soon turn all this wealth of useless fruit into a marketable commodity; as it is, it grows at its own sweet will, and is good for very little. We have neither oranges nor lemons in Mauritius, and there would be a ready sale for good ones. The principal tree we saw on our road was the *Latania* palm, which is the chief material used by the islanders for their dwellings. A house built of its trunk split into pallsades for walls, with only the principal supports made of wreck timber, gathered from the shore, and thatched with leaves from the same tree, all being bound together by a strong cord twisted out of the fibre, will last at least seven years, and be clean and weather-tight all that time. Then there are *Vacaas* palms, familiar to us in Mauritius, and used for making sugar bags and baskets, and all sorts of handy things, and the *Palmiste*, which doubtless has its uses, but is chiefly valued for the exquisite salad folded away within its green heart. I saw, and stopped to pick, many a lovely wild flower, and my lap was soon filled with trails of a blue ground creeper, of a pink and white clematis, besides boughs of fragrant orange and lime blossom.

At last a turn of the road, which had now become worthy of the name, having been made during the last famine to give employment to those seeking government relief, brought us in sight of the hamlet of Gabrielle, the highest inhabited part of the island. The clusters of palm-built houses with their "provision grounds" were built in the dips in the hill-side as though seeking shelter from the fierce hurricanes which sweep across this dot of an island in the summer season; but we left the *cases* behind, and held straight on for the chapel on

the top of the hill, with the priests' house just beneath, to which we were invited to breakfast. A few yards from our halting place the road had been spanned by an arch of palm-leaves, and made gay with flowers, and beneath this arch stood our kind hosts, Abbés Steraenon and Lainé, with all their people behind them. Such a crowd, and all smiling and delighted and welcoming. The chairs were put down, and we ladies got out and joined F—— and the gentlemen, who were already listening to a pretty little address of greeting. Then came a few bars of the "God save," rather weak and uncertain, but after that the whole mass of mountaineers, still led by their priests and the sacristan, burst into a hymn of welcome of their own. It was indeed thrilling, the *verve* with which they sang, the volume of voices, the lovely scene all around, the simple pastoral aspect of the people, and the lusty heartiness with which they shouted the refrain, "*et viva, et viva.*" Although the road was densely lined on each side, barely leaving room to pass, the crowd overflowed up the hill and down the hill, and stretched up to the very door of the good priests' modest dwelling. There an excellent breakfast of mountain fare awaited us, of goat and fowls and eggs and fruit. I am sure our genial hosts must have been gratified at the speedy way their hospitable board was cleared by their hungry guests, and over some absolutely perfect coffee all sorts of good wishes were exchanged. There was a little speech-making of course, but it was all very simple and practical, and then—it being still early—the real object and business of the day commenced. First of all, however, we went to see the humble little chapel, neat, and clean, and impressive in its homely simplicity, and then, under the lee of its sheltered side, for the breeze blew strongly up here, F—— called the people together to talk to them face to face, and hear what they had to say. It is all so vivid before me now, and yet it is so difficult to repro-

duce the scene in its picturesque unconventionality. The order and good behaviour of the crowd was beyond all praise. It was, as they said themselves, "*une vraie fête de famille.*" In the middle F—— stood for over a couple of hours, talking to the representative men among the mountain dwellers, the fathers of families, the old inhabitants, and so on. By his side was an interpreter chosen by themselves—an Irishman who might have walked straight out of a farce. He threw his whole soul into his translation, and caught up and repeated to the people with much emphasis and oratorical gesture all that F—— had to say in the way of inquiry or advice. On the other hand he listened carefully to the suggestions or statements—all in the broadest *patois*—of his clients, and reproduced them, with the richest brogue, to F——'s attentive ears. It is to be hoped that much good may result from this primitive parliament, where wants and wishes, causes and effects, were so fully and patiently gone into. Whilst it lasted, the crowd scattered itself to rest under the trees, well content to be represented by its leading members. H—— and I sat apart on some piled up stones and watched the pretty and patriarchal scene with great interest. Some 500 or 600 out of the odd 1400 inhabitants of the island must have been there assembled, and they all looked well fed and well clothed. Soon a bright-eyed little boy, finger in mouth, stole up nearer to look at the strange ladies, followed by another inquisitive urchin; then a laughing mother would come to capture and apologise for the runaway, but remain gladly to answer questions, until by and by nearly all the women and children in the place were gathered round us. We had to trust a good deal to signs, for the *patois* here is more unintelligible even than that of Mauritius. The great object of curiosity, next to our Christian names, was to know H——'s civil status. After five minutes of solid staring on the

part of each new comer the inquiry was sure to be, pointing at her, "*Ma'ame ou Ma'anselle?*" "*Ma'anselle,*" I would answer, for her; and this was evidently considered a great joke. Apparently "*ma'anzelles*" are scarce in Rodrigues, for certainly the merest slips of girls announced themselves to be married women. When conversation flagged, one needed only to ask their names, to revive it again. "*Moi, je suis Modeste,*" said one fat ugly woman, with a little coquettish air which was irresistible in its contrast with her negro type of countenance.

When everybody had talked themselves nearly hoarse, and the Irishman was reduced to flinging his hat on the ground to emphasise his points of argument, we began to say good-bye. It was a long business that farewell, for every one crowded round us, and shook hands heartily with each and all of our party; and then they sang their beautiful hymn again. After lots of leave-taking we all set out together, as far as our roads lasted, and I can never forget the affectionate adieux of those primitive mountain people. They crowded round F——, and thanked and blessed him for coming himself to see what their needs were; they kissed my hands with tears of gratitude, and gave me into the keeping of all their saints. For the first mile or two we all walked along together (leaving the chairs for the bad road), with the dear good Fathers by our side, and the crowd shouting and hurrahing, and crying "*au revoir.*" Then as the evening shadows drew quickly round us, and the young moon began to show clear and sharp in the saffron sky, we had to hurry our steps, and with incessant farewell waves of fluttering handkerchiefs our followers gradually struck off by the mountain paths, and we hastened down the hill again, our party enlarged by the company of the two priests, who were coming back on board the *Euryalus* to dine with the captain.

A day like that does not tire, and we all felt as fresh as possible next

morning, and quite ready for the *chasse*, which was to start from Malepasches Bay, a few miles higher up the coast, directly after breakfast. First of all we assembled at Port Mathurin, and changed into the magistrate's boat, as it drew less water, and then started afresh, followed by many other boats and canoes. We mustered a large and merry gathering, for many of the officers of the ship had been invited by the magistrate to join the party, and Mrs. O'H—— and the children came also. Our array of firearms and ammunition might have belonged to a relieving column, whilst the pile of hampers and cases would have carried us through a small siege. One or two of the principal fishermen had volunteered to act as pilots, so F—— took advantage of their presence to inquire into all the fishery troubles, and so get to understand them. As far as the picturesqueness of the site went, and the excellence of the luncheon, and the delightful commissariat arrangements generally, the *chasse* left nothing to wish for. But, unhappily, the small amount of game viewed made it rather a failure. Numbers of beaters had been out since daylight driving the deer; but a fine stag, and some does and hinds trotting leisurely across the smooth beach before us left-behind ladies, on their way from one hillside covert to another, were all that showed themselves; and though we constantly heard partridges and guinea-fowl calling to each other, none rewarded the *chasseurs*, who acknowledged themselves disappointed, though they seemed to have thoroughly enjoyed their scrambling walk. The reason of the shyness of the game, which is really plentiful, is not far to seek. The first lieutenant of the *Euryalus* was availing himself of our absence to have a thoroughly happy day with his big guns, and the consequence was, that this incessant thunder must have driven all the deer of Rodrigues into the backest of the back country.

Saturday, the 2nd of July, had to

be our last week-day at Rodrigues; but we certainly contrived to crowd a good deal into it. Soon after midday F—— and most of the gentlemen went on shore, having been invited to a luncheon, or rather a banquet. The little court-house was charmingly decorated with flags, and palm branches, and flowers, and within a really admirable feast was spread. You must live in Rodrigues and understand the culinary difficulties to appreciate half the trouble which must have been taken to produce so good a result. It is the old story, of course, about the cooks, for the island fare, as far as we could judge, is excellent. There are semi-wild goats, of which the flesh is delicious, delicate, and juicy; poultry also abounds, the turkeys being particularly fine. Wild guinea-fowl and partridges figured also at this feast; but what I heard most about was the praise of a certain salad *au cresson*, which was pronounced inimitable. When, in the course of my rambles round Port Mathurin, I noticed the quantity of chickens everywhere, Mrs. O'H—— said, "O yes, we have to keep them to eat the centipedes;" and as she spoke she turned over a stone with the point of her parasol, and showed me a wicked-looking, red, and many-legged creature. Before I had time for more than a glance, a chicken had also spied it, and darted forward to stab and divide it with lightning-swift pecks, and, the next moment, gobble it up. I believe these centipedes, which are very numerous, are the only malignant insects in sunny Rodrigues, except of course the inevitable mosquito. I did not hear of snakes, or any disagreeable creatures.

To return, however, to the banquet. We left-out ladies could hear, from Mrs. O'H——'s verandah, the applause which followed the speeches, and the laughter and the music of *ces messieurs avec les trompettes*, who were the centre of the admiring crowd outside the court-house. It must all have gone off exceedingly well, but

even when it had been brought to a brilliant and successful end, the labours of the Reception Committee were by no means over for the day. The wives and daughters had declared they would have a ball, and eight o'clock found us all re-assembled in what had been the banqueting hall, and was now turned into a gay, pretty little ballroom. We had a great turn of introducing first, and then dancing began, and went on merrily until the tide necessitated our leaving. This had to be rather early, as it was a squally night, and although the channel was buoyed out with lanterns, and every precaution taken, we were not allowed to run the risk of too low a tide. So we had to say good-bye to the pretty girls of Rodrigues much sooner than we wished, for it was a capital ball, and we were all enjoying ourselves immensely. The contrivances would have done honour to the most inventive genius; for instance, I said to one of our hosts, "What a pretty dressing-room you have arranged for me, and I was so glad of it after walking up from the beach." "Oh, that is the rice-store," he answered, "and your dressing-table was a barrel." I certainly never should have found it out for myself. Then I was much amused when I asked some one else if this little court-house represented all the public offices in Rodrigues, and was told, "Yes, everything is here; that young lady in blue is sitting on the Treasury!" The toilettes were wonderfully pretty, and every one looked smiling and happy.

Next day we had first a service on board, at which the Bishop officiated and preached; and, later in the day, a large christening service in the schoolroom at Port Mathurin. Here the Bishop christened many small children, to one of which I stood god-mother. My little godson of four years old behaved very well, and allowed me to present him to the Bishop, clinging with tight hold to one of my fingers all the time; but a

regular stampede or panic broke out among the rest of the children a little later. They roared, and screamed, and struggled, and protested, and nothing but our good Bishop's unflinching tact and patience could have restored order. Of course the babies were quite good; but the older children behaved in a very trying manner from sheer fright.

For once the tide was propitious next morning, and after an early breakfast we hurried on shore. The *Euryalus* was to sail at noon precisely, so we had a couple of hours for farewells, nor was it a moment too much. First of all there were adieux to be made to the upper class of Port Mathurin, the shopkeepers, &c., and all sorts of affectionate greetings and separate interviews with the dear mountain people. "Modeste" was there, with some eggs and oranges in a basket of her own plaiting; all the children were there, and the fisher-folk, and our porters; and it was long past eleven before we could get away from the garden of the magistrate's house, where all the more private greetings had been going on. Almost every one brought us presents of fruit and eggs, and we had quite a boat load at last. But the *Euryalus* is beginning to signal impatiently to recall her shore boats, and we must really make a start. Through a dense lane of hand-shaking, cheering people, we stroll slowly to the little pier for the last time, where F—— has to receive and answer one more address, and then we push off amid shouts and hurrahs which ring in our ears almost up to the big ship's side. There is a perfect flotilla of boats and canoes around her, led by the magistrate's boat; and so amid much waving and cheering

from the sailors, as well as our kind friends, the *Euryalus*, slowly at first, swiftly as a bird later, shakes out her great wings—for the wind is aft—and glides out and away to sea.

The homeward voyage was delightful, for we had all conquered our sea-sickness, and it seemed but a single day, instead of two and a half, when we dropped anchor again at midnight in Port Louis harbour. So ended our visit to that distant shore—a visit which has left ineffaceable memories and regrets that communication is not easier between Mauritius and Rodrigues. A little coasting steamer would be the making of the island, which could then be cultivated to its full extent. We are getting so densely populated in Mauritius that an outlet for our numbers would be a great boon; and the climate of Rodrigues is that of Mauritius over again without its fever. Of course the great thing would be to attract modest capitalists to Rodrigues, which could easily be done if a market were within their reach. It could supply Mauritius with beef more easily than Madagascar does, and would grow sugar quite as well. With a larger white population, good schools and a church would soon grow up, and the life of the magistrate and his family would cease to be the utter exile it now is. All that energy and a great talent for organisation can do, is being done for the little place by its magistrate; and it is even collecting and sending specimens of natural products to an exhibition which is to be held in October at Port Louis. Dear, pretty little place! one can only wish it the prosperity it deserves.

M. A. BARKER.

THE STUDY OF CUSTOMS.

ONE main problem in the science of culture is simple to state, hard as it may often be to solve. How have groups or societies of people come to act according to common habits? In studying such common habits, or customs, we get rid of the peculiarities of the individual. From out of the chaos of conflicting thoughts and deeds, there shape themselves in wider outline ideas and usages which are products of society at large, results of tendencies of human nature, capable of being defined with some precision and traced to the causes which have brought them about. But this tracing of the causes of customs, though possible, and on some of its easier lines already done, is often a task of nicety and difficulty, and the more so because this nicety and difficulty have been underrated. It looks easier to reason on such familiar matters as salutations, or funeral ceremonies, or tenures of land, than to discuss subjects of mere technical science, such as the contacts of curves of the fifth order, or the atomic weight of a new metal. But in fact, when a mathematician or chemist has once gained the technical knowledge to face his problems, there is no denying that his systematic and exact methods give him far more perfect means of solving them, than the anthropologist can as yet bring to bear on the familiar puzzles of our daily life. The consequence has been that manners and customs, having to be dealt with somehow, have been much given over to imperfect speculative treatment—in plain English, to guessing. It is so easy to put ourselves in philosophic imagination in the place of others, to reckon that such and such things would have had such and such effects on their minds, and then to jump to the conclusion that we have explained some belief of old

philosophy, some maxim of barbaric etiquette. It may be that an explanation thus devised is the true one, and will stand the test of comparison with the facts; but ten to one it breaks down on trial, and goes the way of half a dozen previous interpretations, as plausible and as worthless. Even to make a theory from a suggestive fact or two, and to bring these in as illustrations, will not serve the purpose; we must do no less than frankly confess that the present methods of studying human nature are imperfect, and therefore to prevent mistakes the facts must be brought together in numbers, and criticised and compared most carefully. Now that people are becoming more alive than heretofore to the importance of understanding their own social ways and rules, the time has I think come for calling attention to the proper method of carrying on this study, and especially for raising the question whether speculative philosophy is strong enough to deal with it. It would not be of much use to discuss this in general terms, but the matter may best come forward in a tangible form. One of the latest books on the subject is Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Ceremonial Institutions*, in which, as part of a series of works setting forth the evolution of the universe, man's conduct is explained on first principles, and systematic solutions are propounded for a whole net-work of customs, social and political. The apparent ease with which the author extracts from laws of nature the reasons how and why men do all things, gives excellent opportunity for trying whether the method which thus settles everything is sound or no. My own impression is that our knowledge of the principles of human action is far from being ripe enough for thus constructing man's

rules of life from the inside, as though one were demonstrating the action of a machine from accurately-known mechanical laws; and in particular I think Mr. Spencer's method quite inadequate to the task he has put it to. That it may be estimated by its results, a few of his explanations of customs will now be given, with such facts and remarks as may be needed for judging them.

At page 174-5, having remarked on the victors in war taking the weapons of the conquered as trophies, and also wearing parts of their bodies (such as scalps) as badges, he proceeds to explain as follows the Japanese custom of wearing two swords:—

"That swords are thus transformed from trophies into badges, if not directly proved is indirectly implied. In Japan 'the constant criterion [of rank] turns upon the wearing of swords. The higher orders wear two . . . the next in rank wear one . . . To the lower orders a sword is strictly prohibited.' And since a practice so inconvenient as that of carrying a superfluous sword is not likely to have been adopted gratuitously; it may be inferred that the 'two-sworded man,' as he is called, was originally one who, in addition to his own sword, wore a sword taken from an enemy; in which case what is now a badge was once a trophy."

This is a highly ingenious explanation, but unfortunately seems to have been devised without looking at the real weapons of the Japanese *samurai*, or consulting the books where they are described, such as Alcock's *Capital of the Tycoon*, or Wood's *Natural History of Man*. Since the two-sword man has been disestablished in Japan, his weapons are often to be seen in England, and the first glance shows that far from either being superfluous, they are two different instruments carried for different purposes. The one is a one-handed weapon like a heavy carving-knife, the other is a two-handed cutlass. Each has its proper name, use, and mode of wearing. The one-handed short sword, called *waki-zashi*, was worn across the body in front, and in fight it served for cut-and-thrust at close quarters, and for hacking off the head

of a fallen enemy. Its owner might even have to use it in performing the *hara-kiri*, holding the hilt in his left hand, while, with the right hand grasping the blade near the point, he made the fatal cuts across the abdomen which gave the signal to a swordsman behind to strike his head off. The long two-handed sabre, called *katana*, was worn with its sheath so fastened at the girdle as to stand out behind, and one startling way of using it was to unsheath it suddenly with a sweeping stroke so as to bring its point across the face of an unwary bystander several yards off. Were it not for its well-adjusted balance, the two-handed sword would be cumbrous for the small stature of the average Japanese, but their swordsmen used it with tremendous effect, lopping off a limb or head at a blow. The Japanese are curious in swords, and one finds mention of special forms, such as ceremonial court swords, and short swords or dirks worn on the right for a man to draw with the left hand when he is down; and there has been variation in the relative lengths of the two swords since the habit of wearing them came in, which appears to have been only a few centuries ago. But though I have consulted H. E. the Japanese minister, and more than one English friend who ought to know, no one has ever heard of a Japanese warrior carrying two swords of the same kind. Reading Mr. Spencer's lively fancy of the original man with one sword gaining his second sword as a trophy, one may ask whether this ideal warrior, having a two-handed sword to begin with, was careful to fall on a foe armed with a one-handed sword, or was it the little weapon-of-all-work that got the better of the cumbrous sabre, and carried it off in triumph? Or may we not rather say that the Japanese swordsman was a practical man who knew what he carried both his weapons for, better than the modern philosopher with his theory about trophies. It is true that Mr. Spencer's theory of trophies serves

a further purpose, as appears from his remark which follows, on the negro king of Uganda habitually bearing a couple of spears, "a duplication of weapons again suggestive, like the two swords, of a trophy." Here the pair of spears really are duplicate weapons, but here again we must ask why they should be suggestive of a trophy? Carrying the couple of spears was one of the frequent habits of ancient warlike life, as may be seen in the Egyptian pictures of the neighbouring nations, or on Greek vases showing the Homeric heroes sitting even at draughts with the pairs of javelins in their hands. To those who take a merely commonplace view of such things it may seem a sufficient reason for a warrior's carrying two spears, that when he has thrown one he sometimes finds it convenient to have another left. At any rate, this would be a more practical way of explaining why an archer carries a dozen arrows in his quiver, than to consider that one arrow was carried for use, while the other eleven represented trophies taken by an ancestor. If it at first seemed to any reader that this criticism of the speculative method was needlessly aggressive, they will, I think, already admit that there must be something wrong about a system which so easily finds an explanation for facts that turn out to be no facts, and discovers suggestions of ancient useless ceremony in ordinary and purposeful acts of life.

At p. 135 of the work in question will be found a new interpretation of the familiar observance of shaking hands. It is founded on the following extract from Niebuhr's *Arabia* :—

"Two Arabs of the desert meeting, shake hands more than ten times. Each kisses his own hand, and still repeats the question, 'How art thou?' . . . In Yemen, each does as if he wished the other's hand, and draws back his own to avoid receiving the same honour. At length, to end the contest, the eldest of the two suffers the other to kiss his fingers."

[On this Mr. Spencer continues] "Have we not here, then, the origin of shaking hands? If of two persons each wishes to make an

obeisance to the other by kissing his hand, and each out of compliment refuses to have his own hand kissed, what will happen? Just as when leaving a room, each of two persons, proposing to give the other precedence, will refuse to go first, and there will result at the doorway some conflict of movements, preventing either from advancing; so, if each of two tries to kiss the other's hand, and refuses to have his own kissed, there will result a raising of the hand of each by the other towards his own lips, and by the other a drawing of it down again, and so on alternately. Though at first such an action will be irregular, yet as fast as the usage spreads, and the failure of either to kiss the other's hand becomes a recognised issue, the motions may be expected to grow regular and rhythmical. Clearly the difference between the simple squeeze, to which this salute is now often abridged, and the old-fashioned hearty shake, exceeds the difference between the hearty shake and the movement that would result from the effort of each to kiss the hand of the other. Even in the absence of this clue yielded by the Arab custom, we should be obliged to infer some such genesis. After all that has been shown, no one can suppose that hand-shaking was ever deliberately fixed upon as a complimentary observance; and if it had a natural origin in some act which, like the rest, expressed subjection, the act of kissing the hand must be assumed, as alone capable of leading to it."

Throughout the characteristic argument here quoted at length, its author does not mention the fact that the peculiar habit of hand-shaking is only one variety of a wide group of observances belonging to the gesture-language of mankind, in which the essential act consists in joining the hands, and which convey the meaning not of subjection at all, but of compact, union, peace, friendship. Our present fashion hardly appears to have been usual among the ancients, indeed to shake hands can only be expressed in Greek or Latin by a circumlocution. But other modes of joining hands were habitual in the early civilised world. Among the Aryan nations the hand-grasping (Sanskrit *pānigrahaṇa*) was the act of solemn compact, especially of marriage, like the *dextrarum junctio* of the Romans, and such it remains in modern marriages. Many expressions indicate the hands being struck together in an emphatic way, as among the Israelites: "Be not thou of them that strike

hands, of them that are sureties for debts;" or in old Teutonic law where the *handschlag*, or striking hands in promise or compact, was a solemn and binding act. When giving "the right hand of fellowship" passes into a ceremony of salutation, it takes many forms. On classic Greek funeral monuments, where the living seem to be taking a long farewell of the dead, they hold hands with a firm but gentle grasp of most pathetic meaning. Hand-shaking among ourselves may be anything from the boisterous smack and wring of the top-booted farmer on the stage, to something like the mere touch of the palms which satisfies ceremonial requirement among the Arabs. As to the meaning expressed by shaking hands, it may be seen from Shakespere to be just what is meant by other varieties of hand-joining, as "they shook hands and swore brothers;" "let me shake thy hand, I never hated thee;" "I hold it fit that we shake hands and part." It is not necessary to write a whole treatise on shaking hands, for this is enough to prove that it belongs to ceremonies of fellowship, and must not, without cause shown, be taken from this its proper place, to be fancifully derived from the struggle of two people to perform a gesture of quite different meaning.

The question of what amount of real proof must be given in support of theories as to the origin of customs, may be well brought into view by Mr. Spencer's explanation of tatuing, p. 70-6. Put briefly, this is that whereas many peoples, as an act of mourning for the dead, scratch or cut themselves till the blood runs down, and cuts leave scars, such scars made by blood-letting to propitiate the spirits of dead chiefs become signs of subjection, and thence pass into tribe-marks. If a tatued tribe conquered a tribe not tatued, the skin-patterns might become aristocratic marks; and besides this, scars of battle-wounds being signs of prowess, would give rise to artificial scars being

made for distinction and ornament. Now the question here is not to determine whether all this is imaginable or possible, but what the evidence is of its having actually happened. The Levitical law is quoted, "Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you." This Mr. Spencer takes as good evidence that the cutting of the flesh at the funeral develops into a mark of subjection. It shows us, he says, the usage in that stage at which the scar left by sacrifice of blood is still a sign partly of family subordination and partly of other subordination. But, granting that the Jews had the two practices of cutting themselves for the dead and tatuing or marking their bodies, we have next to ask for proof that these two practices had anything to do with each other. Try the point for instance among the New Zealanders, who had both the customs forbidden by the Jewish law. They were an elaborately tatued nation, and were also in the habit of tearing and gashing their bodies as a mourning ceremony, but as at present informed we have no reason to believe that either of these kinds of mutilation was derived from the other. The latter is superficial wounding done for the sake of the bloodshed, and soon healing, while in the former the bloodshed is only incidental, and the purpose that of leaving an indelible mark. Such indelible body-marks, whether they are patterns on young warriors and marriageable girls, tokens of distinction, tribe-marks, pictures of fetishes, or miscellaneous ornamental designs, are among the most universal kinds of picture-writing done by man, and most difficult to trace to their absolute origin. Still, two motives stand out from among the crowd of details, that the scars and tatu-marks are made sometimes for signs and sometimes for decorations, or for both at once. Indeed these two motives come out as plainly in modern England as anywhere else, to judge from a fact lately told me by a military

friend. When deserters used to be marked by tatuing a D on the left breast (as was done till 1871) it was a very common thing for a man thus marked to get a further device tatued on his breast, in which the D usually came in as the hilt of a sword; a significant mark thus passing into an ornament. From savagery upward, a body-mark may be made as a memorial of any kind. Thus a Tahitian might have a black spot pricked on his tongue in mourning for a friend, or a Bechuana would have lines drawn down his thigh to show how many enemies he had killed in battle. These were on the face of them record-marks, nor is there any proof that they were originally, as Mr. Spencer supposes, derived from wounds made in mourning and battle. Nor does it serve any better to bring in the stories of Scandinavian heroes on their death-beds being scratched with the spear-point to save them from the shame of the straw-death, that they might enter Walhalla. Admitting such a ceremony to have really existed, the obvious meaning of these bleeding scratches lay in their passing for real battle-wounds the dead man died of. Before reaching the end of his chapter on mutilations, Mr. Spencer's speculation how tatuing might have arisen from self-bleeding grows into a positive statement that it did so arise, and yet of cogent proof there is simply none.

The last lines of the chapter must be noticed as showing another of the pitfalls which beset the path of the explainer of customs:—

"And it is significant that in our own society, now predominantly industrial, such slight mutilations as continue are connected with that regulative part of the organisation which militancy has bequeathed: there survive only the now-meaningless tattooings of sailors, the branding of deserters, and the cropping of the heads of felons."

As a matter of fact, what is sometimes called branding deserters was the marking or tatuing just mentioned, and even this does not survive, having been abolished years be-

fore the above passage was published. But while it lasted, it and sailors' tatuing might fairly be considered surviving remains of ancient custom. With "the cropping of the heads of felons," however, the case is different. It is true that this was a shameful punishment inflicted on thieves under old German law—"crinibus turpiter abscissis, virgis excoriatur." Thus it may also have existed in ancient England, but if so it disappeared and was forgotten long ago, and nothing has been shown to connect it with modern English law, where cropping the hair is unknown as a punishment. Nor indeed would it have the purpose it served in old times when the free-man's hair was worn long, and the cropped criminal was left at large to suffer public shame. The chief purpose of the actual haircutting in gaols is sufficiently evident, but as Mr. Spencer has propounded it as a remnant of barbaric mutilation it may be worth while to notice in what light it appeared to the philanthropic reformers of prison discipline. John Howard, in his proposed Regulations for Penitentiaries, has "towels, sinks, &c., in proper places—heads shaved—encouragements to the most cleanly;" and Fowell Buxton, describing the deplorable state of many English prisons, selects for high praise the rules of Bury Jail, where "Health is preserved and improved by the cleanliness of person, apartments, and yards. Prisoners, when they arrive, have their hair cut short, and this is so continued. They must wash well every morning," &c., &c.

The existing law prescribes that "the hair of male criminal prisoners shall not be cut closer than may be necessary for purposes of health and cleanliness;" and to avoid the hardship to the criminal of sending him out into the world with anything to show he is just out of gaol, his hair is allowed to grow for the last weeks before his liberation. There are enough barbaric abuses needing reform among us, but this hardly seems to be one.

As a last instance of Mr. Spencer's method, a note at page 132 of his work may be quoted:—

"Tracing the natural genesis of ceremonies leads us to interpretations of what otherwise seem arbitrary differences of custom; as instance the use of white for mourning in China, and of black further west. A mourning dress must have coarseness as its essential primitive character: this is implied by the foregoing argument; and for this there is direct as well as inferential evidence. By the Romans, mourning habits were made of a cheap and coarse stuff; and the like was the case with the mourning habits of the Greeks. Now the sackcloth named in the Bible as used to signify humiliation and mourning, was made of hair, which, among pastoral peoples, was the most available material for textile fabrics; and the hair used being ordinarily dingy, the darkness of colour incidentally became the most conspicuous character of these coarse fabrics as distinguished from fabrics made of other materials, lighter and admitting of being dyed. Relative darkness coming thus to be distinctive of a mourning dress, the contrast was naturally intensified; and eventually the colour became black. Contrariwise in China. Here with a swarming agricultural population, not rearing animals to any considerable extent, textile fabrics of hair are relatively expensive; and of the textile fabrics made of silk and cotton, those of cotton must obviously be much the cheaper. Hence for mourning dresses cotton sackcloth is used; and the unbleached cotton being of a dirty white, this has, by association, established itself as the mourning colour."

What, one asks in surprise, is then the reason why so many peoples all over the habitable globe use black as the sign of death and mourning? Why is this a familiar custom among unclothed tribes, like those of South America, who on the death of a friend give up the red and blue stripes which generally ornament their bodies, and take a coat of black paint all over? Did the ancestors of these naked savages wear mourning garments of dingy hair, and were they thus led to that association of blackness with night and death which in all quarters of the world lies so deep in the symbolism of the human mind? Or is the likeness between the black mourning of the Brazilian and the Greek an accident to be passed over without notice? Next to black, white is perhaps the mourning colour oftenest

met with, and doubtless a clothes-philosophy might be devised to account for the custom of those West Australian tribes where the men blacken their faces with soot, while the women whiten theirs with pipe-clay. Fortunately we have the means of putting to a direct test the theory that Chinese white mourning was derived from wearing cotton. It is a simple question of dates. White mourning is very ancient in China, as witness the following verse from a Chinese ode translated by Professor Legge:—

"O, that I saw the mourning robe of white,
Assumed when two years from the death
are o'er,
And earnest mourner's form, to leanness
worn!
Not seeing this, my heart with grief is
sore."

This is from the *Shi-King*, and is considered to date as far back as the ninth century B.C. But the Chinese did not wear cotton clothing then, nor for many centuries afterwards. Plath, an excellent authority, shows that hemp and silk were well known in ancient Chinese literature, but not cotton; M. Terrien de Lacouperie confirms this, and thinks that cotton did not come into common use and cultivation in China till the middle ages, probably the tenth century.

A philosophic method, which thus easily brings an effect to pass one or two thousand years before its cause, may be considered to have fairly measured its own trustworthiness. In examining it at length, it has not been my object simply to find errors. Every student in this obscure and perplexing research knows of blunders he has made, and may suspect many more not yet found out. But the mistakes which are the accidents of the careful inquirer's work are the necessary incidents of a system where general theories of sociology are too confidently relied on for explanation of some group of human actions which would take months to examine properly, and very likely then would leave the student unable

to make up his mind, and waiting for further information. What has been said of course does not apply to all the contents of *Ceremonial Institutions*, much of which embodies ordinary and accepted opinions, while the illustrations of many old points and the working out of many new ones are valuable contributions to anthropology. It is the looseness of the method, with its too-ready explanations and want of a strict criterion between right and wrong, that vitiates the whole argument. Those who have spent years on the study of customs, in spite of the extreme difficulty of getting at trustworthy results, do not regard the labour as ill-spent. But there is fear of damaging a growing science if a treatment of it is encouraged and imitated, which may end in the investigation of men's rules of conduct being thrown into the realm of happy-go-lucky speculation. In speaking plainly about this, I shall not lay myself open to the charge of attacking an inconspicuous student, without followers to defend him and unable to take care of himself. Mr. Spencer's genius and industry, the value of his work in leading the present generation to the idea of natural development in the universe and man, his rhetorical skill, his extraordinary power of devising explanations and illustrations of the laws of nature and human conduct, are known to all. But this only strengthens what I maintain, that power of imagination and skill in building up hypothesis, though qualities highly useful to the anthropologist, are not capable of creating anthropology, which can only be made by the minute and laborious process of collecting and comparing facts, tested by close criticism and arranged by definite rules.

The foregoing examination has sufficiently brought out the critical side of the study of customs, so as to show the necessary precaution of trying whether the alleged facts are real and how they fit with other facts. It is now proposed to take up some

problems on the origin of customs, with the view of showing the sort of evidence which the student is apt to meet with, and the most convenient ways of dealing with it. None of them are examples of rigorous certainty, which indeed is a rare commodity in this branch of knowledge, but at any rate they are fair arguments leading to probabilities of different degrees. The three kinds of argument they illustrate may be called the historical method, the geographical method, and the inferential method. As an example of the historical method we will look into the ceremony still practised at a military officer's funeral, of leading the horse in the procession, as is remembered by thousands who saw it in the streets of London at the Duke of Wellington's funeral, where all said the most touching incident was that of the old groom leading the charger with the boots dangling in the stirrups.

Archaeologists have long taken this ceremony as a survival from the barbaric times when the warrior's horse with its trappings, as well as his armour and weapons, were actually buried with him or burnt on his funeral pile. In my educational manual of Anthropology, published last year, I put this as a matter of course. An eminent historian, however, objecting that the explanation as a survival was carried too far, suggested that both the led horse and the sword and helmet placed on the coffin might be merely a natural expression of sentiment. It is true that I had other evidence of the sacrificial character of the act, which had not come before my friendly critic, but his remark opened my eyes to the inconclusive way in which the subject had been treated. Since then I have taken trouble to trace the custom to its source, and, though not fully successful, can now come nearer to giving the whole story than has been done before. If, in the first place, we look back to accounts of funerals of great personages two centuries ago, it is seen that the war-

horse was not the only one led. Thus in the procession of George, Earl of Kinnoul (Balfour, *Ancient Heraldic Tracts*), there went "The defunct's parliament hors, deckt with hes ordinarie footemantle, led by tuo Lackeyes, in Liurey and Mandeills," then were borne the spurs and gauntlets, and afterwards came "a horsse in doole, led by tuo lackayes in mourning," then were borne the sword, targe, crest, helmet, parliament robes, coronet, &c. The led horses appear even in the funerals of ladies, as at the interment of the Countess of Wigton (1636): "The horse of stait, with a crimpstone veluet woman's sadell, led by a lackey in the defunct's liurey," and afterwards, "a horsse in doole, led by a lackey in mourning." Looking further back into the middle ages, the led horses appear in the regular custom of the Roman Church, not going in the procession for sentimental reasons, but for the more material purpose of being given to the Church at the grave as a "mortuary" offering, apparently the "soul-shot" which in Cnut's Laws is to be offered at the open grave. Sir W. Dugdale, in his *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, discourses learnedly on these mortuaries, being led to them by one John Arden's will—"Item, I bequethe for my Mortuaries, or Cors presentè, a black Gildyng ambling, that allmighty God may the rather take my soul unto his mercy and grace." He quotes other old wills, such as that of John Marclefeld, Clerk, in 9 Hen. V., "Item, lego Equum meum vocatum le Bay aumbler, ut offeratur ante corpus meum in die sepulture meæ nomine Principali." The judgment of this solid old antiquary will hardly be questioned, where he derives from such mortuary horses the horses led in his time (he was Garter King at Arms in Charles II.'s reign) at the funerals of great persons, which (he says) perhaps most men suppose to have been rather as a badge of their militarie services. Taking this as proved, we come to the older and harder question, why the mortuary

horses given to the church should have been led in the funeral procession at all. The answer that the church-offering of the horse was itself a survival from the præ-Christian times when the horse was led to the grave and killed for its master, was stated a hundred and fifty years ago by another old-fashioned antiquary, Saint-Foix, who in his *Essais Historiques sur Paris*, describes the *cheval d'honneur* at the funeral of Charles VI. with its velvet saddle and gilt stirrups, led by two squires in black, with four grooms bearing the corners of its caparison. These, he says, much resemble the horse and servants who were killed and buried with the kings of the first race before they embraced Christianity. He goes on to show that such horses and trappings were offerings to the church where the funeral took place, mentioning especially Edward III.'s offering of many horses at the funeral service of King John of France, and the service for Bertrand Duguesclin at St. Denis, in 1389, where the four best horses from the king's stables, caparisoned in black, were ridden to the gate and presented to the bishop, who laid his hand on their heads, after which they were compounded for in money. "Il n'est pas douteux que ces cérémonies étoient de tradition. César et Tacite rapportent que les Gaulois et les Germains brûloient, ou enterroient avec le mort, ses armes et son cheval. Les Druides auroient pu sauver la vie à tant de pauvres chevaux, et les tourner à leur profit: étoient-ce les ténèbres du paganisme qui les empêchoient de voir clair à leurs intérêts?"

This transition from the heathen sacrifice of the warrior's horse to its Christian offering, though probable, is the point not quite proved. The records of the actual sacrifice in the barbaric world are plentiful, perhaps the most perfect being the Scandinavian saga of the burial of King Harald, who was slain at the battle of Bravalla; they drove the chariot with his corpse right into the burial mound, and

killed the horse there, and King Hring gave his own saddle besides, that the dead Harald might ride or drive to Walhalla as it pleased him. Such sacrifice prevailed in northern Europe up to the introduction of Christianity. Grimm cites an interesting record of the solemn promise made in 1249 by the newly-converted Prussians to their conquerors the knights of the Teutonic order, "that they and their heirs will not keep up the rites of the Gentiles in burning or burying the dead with horses or men, or with arms, or garments, or any other precious things, or in any other matters soever, but will bury their dead after the manner of Christians, in the cemeteries, and not without." On the whole, there is a good deal to countenance the opinion that the sacrifice of the horse did really pass into an ecclesiastical offering. It was quite according to the usual policy of appropriating the temples and offerings of the old religion to the new. For instance, the heathen custom was to bury part of the dead man's property with him, but afterwards, though the dead man still had his share (*la mort eyt la vne partie*), this went to the Church. All this, however, is not the direct proof which may be reasonably demanded for a public and legal custom lying fairly within the history of Christendom. Perhaps this mention may bring from some historical inquirer the details required to complete the whole subject. It is plain that to derive the Duke of Wellington's funeral horse directly from King Harald's would be a faulty argument, as omitting the centuries of ecclesiastical custom lying between. But at any rate it is fairly probable that the duke's charger which went with his master's body to St. Paul's and came back to his stable, did represent the horse which six centuries before would have been offered at the church door, and six centuries yet earlier would have been slaughtered for his master's ghost to ride to the warrior's paradise.

Quitting now this problem, and
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turning to a very different subject for an illustration of the geographical method of treating customs, it may be noticed in what districts on the map of the world is found the curious habit of playing the pipe or flageolet, not with the mouth but with one nostril. In India, the little flageolet of soft and plaintive tone, known as Krishna's pipe, is so easily filled, that some blow it with their nostrils; we hear of pipes or flutes being thus played at religious festivals, but they are now mostly used by the snake-charmers. Out of India proper, the nose-flute is played in Siam, thence it may be followed into Borneo, and across to Fiji, the Society, Friendly, and Hervey groups, and down to New Zealand, while it has been even met with near Port Essington in North Australia, where it had probably been brought by Malay trading canoes from the other islands. Looking on the map at the region of which these are principal points, it is plain that we have before us a district of diffusion, such as that from which a botanist or zoologist would infer the spreading of a plant or animal from a single centre. If so, this odd habit of playing the flute with one's nostril may fairly be traced to the place where it has a meaning and purpose, a *raison d'être*. It is hard to imagine its having been invented anywhere for practical advantage; not that the nose-flute is a bad instrument musically, for, on the contrary, its soft melancholy notes are rather pleasing, but it seems impossible that its tones should not be produced as well or better with the mouth. In India, however, there is an alleged reason of a different kind. Dr. Carl Engel explains the nose-flute as being used because a Brahman would defile himself by touching with his mouth what a low-caste man had touched with his. On my inquiring of the best judge of native music in India, Dr. Sourindro Mohun Tagore, he answers: "The object of blowing with the nose some of the wind instruments of India is as you have correctly pointed out, to preserve them from

defilement. The instrument-sellers are invariably of the lower classes, and according to the custom of the country, based on caste-rules, it would be highly improper on the part of men of the higher denominations to touch with the lips anything that might have been previously so touched by people of the lower castes." If, then, it is inferred that the nose-flute, originating in India for caste reasons, spread hence over a vast continent and island district, this is conformable to what is known already of the diffusion of culture, for not only did Brahmanism and Buddhism thus distinctly travel ages since into the great Indian islands, but there is evidence that this drift of Indian culture spread much farther over the ocean, even to Tahiti and New Zealand. On the whole, then, this is a reasonable explanation conformable to the facts, and may claim to stand till a better is proposed, which after all is the ordinary tenure of scientific theories.

It remains to give an example of the inferential method, which consists in judging how a custom is likely to have arisen out of a set of circumstances suited to produce it. The method may be tried on the problem of the days of the week. This old and curious inquiry is still by no means settled, but several points of evidence are now available which bring it nearer to a settlement than hitherto. As to the seven-day period or week itself, the suggestion has often been made that though it is not a natural period, like the day and month, it comes so near to a natural period, the moon's quarter, that it may have originated from it. Taking the lunation from one new moon to the next as $29\frac{1}{2}$ days, and the quarters as each 7 days 9 hours, which is sufficiently near for the present purpose, the supposition is that dropping the odd hours, the seven days came to be used as a fixed period. It is however better than mere conjecture to see what people have practically done in dividing time by the moon's quarters.

Passing over some rude tribes said to measure their time in this way, the Buddhists show the system perfectly. Their days of fasting and confession are not uniform all over the Buddhist world, but they are always fixed with reference to the moon's phases. Some Mongols who keep three sacred days crowd them all together at full moon, apparently because their nomade life makes it too troublesome to assemble every few days at some distant temple or monastery, while others keep three monthly fasts, the 8th, 15th, 30th of the month. In Ceylon the poya or worship-days are all four changes of the moon, viz.: 1, new moon; 2, eighth day after; 3, fifteenth day or full moon; 4, eighth day after. However the four moon's quarters may have become sacred days, Mr. Rhys Davids finds evidence that they were kept in India even before the time of the great schism or reformation, when Buddhism broke away from Brahmanism. Now a lunar month thus divided about the 1st, 8th, 15th, 23rd days is in a rough way so like a series of weeks, that one cannot wonder that Koeppen, in his *Religion des Buddha*, should speak of them as "the days at once of fasting and divine service, the Buddhist Sabbaths or Sundays." This however is only an illustrative expression, the period between them not being a real week, but an interval of seven or eight days so arranged as to bring the sacred day round to the next new moon. A similar arrangement appears among the Parsis, representatives of the ancient religion of Persia, in whose thirty-day month the 1st, 8th, 15th, 23rd are sacred to the good deity, Ormuzd. So far as I know, this close likeness between the two religions has not been noticed, but whether it is due to historical connection or not, there is no reason to think that either the Buddhist or the Parsi system of moon's quarters has any historical connection with the week proper. But they have an instructive bearing on the week-problem from their likeness to another system

of sacred moon's quarters, from which the week may have been really derived.

This was traced a few years ago in the cuneiform writings of Babylonia-Assyria, and its importance recognised as a clue to the history of the week. It is described by Professor Sayce in *Records of the Past*, vol. i. p. 164, vol. vii. p. 157. In the Assyrian calendar the 7th, 14th, 21st, 28th of the thirty-day month were termed days of *sulum* or completion (of labours), on which certain works were forbidden to be done (the 19th was also such a day, but seemingly for reasons which do not concern the present question). The Assyrian term for these days is the translation of a term signifying *dies nefastus*, unlawful or inauspicious day, in the Akkadian language of Babylon, the institution reaching back into earlier ages of Babylonian antiquity. The following extract shows the prohibition of work on these days:—"The 7th day. A feast of Merodach and Zir-panitu. A festival. A sabbath. The prince of many nations flesh and cooked fruit eats not. The garments of his body he changes not. White robes he puts not on. Sacrifice he offers not. The king in his chariot rides not. In royal fashion he legislates not," &c. Professor Sayce translates these unlawful days as *sabbaths*, because this word (*sabattu*) was in use among the Assyrians, and is explained as meaning "a day of rest for the heart." It is an interesting historical fact thus to find the day of prohibition of labour forming part of an ancient Babylonian system which was not the real week, but a kind of imperfect or quasi-week, marked off by the 7th, 14th, 21st, 28th days, with a longer interval to bring the reckoning round to the next month. It is now thought probable that this is the early calendar, or something like it, out of which arose the seven-day week with its sabbath. The argument, which however has still gaps in it, is that the seven-day period came to be used continuously without further reference to the moon; the principle thus becoming

different from that of the Babylonian moon's quarters, though the resemblance in form remained. Thus, according to this view, the seven-day week started on the course it has followed for so many ages, carried on from Judaism into Christianity, and moving onward regardless even of leap-years and reformations of the calendar to this day.

Passing from the week to the names of its days, these are of two distinct kinds, and have come down along two historical lines. Beginning with those taken from Jewish-Christian institutions, some well-known points have to be briefly mentioned for the sake of completeness. The name of the *sabbath* now prevails far outside the Jewish world as the ordinary name of the seventh day, as in Greek *sabbaton*, Russian *sybbôta*, Italian *sabbato*, and the broken-down French *samedi*, and German *samstag*. The conservative Greek Church keeps another link in the chain between Judaism and Christianity by still calling the sixth day the *paraskeuê* or "preparation"; the modern traveller makes an appointment with an Athenian for the day of preparation at the ninth hour, in much the same terms as Paul might have done. The Christian term *Lord's Day*, Greek *kyriakê*, Italian *domenica*, French *dimanche*, &c. (the Russians call it *voskresenie*, "resurrection"), names the first day of the week over a great part of Christendom. For other week-days, the Greek Church follows the Jewish custom of calling them by numbers, the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, to which custom the Quakers made an effort to return in their dislike to using the names of heathen gods; and the Russians number their week-days also, though not quite in the same way. Not to mention other variants of little interest, curious local names now and then crop up, derived from what is done on particular days of the week. Such a term as "fish-day" for Friday among the modern native tribes of Brazil carries its own explanation. The custom of cleaning-

up at the end of the week has marked itself more than once. Among the Scandinavians, Saturday early came to be known by a term meaning "wash-day" or "bath-day," which is still in regular use among the Swedes as *lördag*. Lately the same thing happened among the Christian Maoris, who took to calling Saturday *te ra horoi*, "washing-day"; nor did they stop here, but made a name for Friday from the pig-killing which they noticed was customary among the English, who killed the pigs on that day so as to get them cut up on Saturday.

More widely spread over the world even than the Jewish-Christian names of week-days, is the complete series of astrological names taken from the ancient "seven planets." Our English week-days remain as a remarkably perfect set of this astrological kind, taken from the Latin list of planet-days, only substituting English gods to represent four of the classic deities whose names the planets bore:

Dies Solis.	Sunday.	Sun.
" Luna.	Monday.	Moon.
" Martis.	Tuesday (Tiw).	Mars.
" Mercurii.	Wednesday (Woden).	Mercury.
" Jovis.	Thursday (Thor).	Jupiter.
" Veneris.	Friday (Frig).	Venus.
" Saturni.	Saturday.	Saturn.

Of course the question is how the seven planets got into this artificial order. Their natural or astronomical order is, on the ancient theory of the central earth,

Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sun, Venus, Mercury, Moon.

This order was well known to the Greek astronomers, who may, as is commonly thought, have learnt it from their teachers in astronomy, the Babylonians. If we can rely on Sir H. Rawlinson's examination of Birs Nimrud, the ruined pyramid-temple of the seven planets, the astronomer-priests of Babylon there set up on a grand scale the astronomical planet-order as represented by the colours of the seven terrace-walls, from the silver stage of the moon at top, down to the black stage of Saturn at the base.

Though old traces of the week-order of the planets are not entirely wanting in Western Asia, and by the first century such expressions as "Saturn's day" begin to appear in classic literature, it is only in the third century that accounts are given of the origin of the planet-names which seem at least to put us fairly on the track, and that track an astrological one. In the important astronomical treatise of Paulus Alexandrinus, called the *Eisagōgē* or "Introduction," the rule is given how the seven planets in their astronomical order influence the twenty-four hours in succession, the planet of the first hour of each day being the lord of that day. So it is explained in a well-known passage of Dio Cassius, how if the first hour of the first day belong to Saturn, and the planets be counted on in order through the rest of the twenty-four, then the first hour of the second day will belong to the Sun, of the third day to the Moon, and so on through the order of planet-names in our days of the week. The astrologers, excellent if unpractical preservers of old tradition, hold still to this scheme of governing-planets, which may be found in mediæval England in Chaucer's *Treatise on the Astrolabe*, and is generally and reasonably accepted as the explanation of the planet-names of the week-days. To understand the scheme thoroughly, however, it ought to be shown in the complete shape in which astrology hands it down. According to the astrologers there are not only day-planets but night-planets. As the reckoning of these belongs to a kind of process in frequent use both in magic and chronology, and which yet has no convenient name, I propose to call it "cycling," and to take the day and night planets as examples of the convenient way to work it. To begin, the planets have to be arranged in their astronomical order. If all that is required is to find the day-planets of the week, then these are twenty-four hours apart. But not to go through this tedious process of counting, inas-

much as at the end of every 7 hours the reckoning comes back to where it started from, the 7's may be cast out of 24, leaving a remainder of 3 to operate with; that is, if we start with the planet of any one day, say Saturn for Saturday, the planet of the next day will be three further on, namely the Sun for Sunday, and so on through the week-days. If, however, we require the night-planets as well, then if we begin the first day with Saturn, the first night beginning twelve hours later will be ruled by Mercury, twelve hours afterwards the second day will begin with the Sun; the second night with Jupiter, and so on. In practical counting, the 7 would be cast out of the 12 hours and the remaining 5 counted forward, or rather 2 backward, which comes to just the same thing, so that, in fact, to get both day and night planets of the week in order, all that has to be done is to count along the row of planets, shifting two steps back each time, thus :

<i>Astronomical Order.</i>	<i>Planets of Days.</i>	<i>Planets of Nights.</i>
Saturn.	Saturn.	Mercury.
Jupiter.	Sun.	Jupiter.
Mars.	Moon.	Venus.
Sun.	Mars.	Saturn.
Venus.	Mercury.	Sun.
Mercury.	Jupiter.	Moon.
Moon.	Venus.	Mars.

Among astrologers the planets of the nights are still well known. Sibly's ponderous quarto on the *Occult Sciences* sets down Mercury as governing Saturday night, &c., and if one consulted a Mohammedan astrologer at Delhi he would be found to follow the same traditional rule, handed down by the Arabic masters of the art. How far back the night-planets reach in the antiquity of star-craft is not exactly known, but they show how thoroughly the origin of the week-days is ingrained in the astrological mind. Had the public held with the astrologers, we might be now calling Sunday night "Thursnight," and Wednesday night "Sunnights." But it seems that the public of the Roman empire were con-

tent to borrow from the soothsayers what they found practically convenient, a set of names for the seven days, without troubling themselves with the rest of the nonsense of the ruling planets of the hours.

To take it in this way is to assume that we have the origin of the planet-order of the week-days in some astrological combination of the seven planets with the twenty-four hours, even though it may not have taken place precisely in the way recorded. It is seen that the arrangement turns on a simple arithmetical rule, which it is possible to work in other ways. Thus Dio Cassius suggests another rule, taking the seven planets as representing the seven notes of the octave, so that beginning with Saturn and proceeding by musical fourths, the other planets follow in the order of the week-days. Or again, it has been suggested that the week-order may be arrived at by distributing the seven planets over the twelve signs of the zodiac, which of course comes to the same thing as distributing them over the twelve hours; but what have the signs of the zodiac to do with the week-days? The most serious competitor of the twenty-four hours theory was put forward some years ago by Sir H. Rawlinson, who pointed out that if the day were divided not into twenty-four but into sixty hours, as it is in India, and each planet had its hour, then if the planets be reckoned in the reverse natural order from the Moon to Saturn (which may fairly be done), we get the seven days of the week.¹ This does in fact come to just

¹ Sir H. Rawlinson, in notes to G. Rawlinson's *Herodotus*, i. c. 98; see also J. Brandis on the "Seven Gates of Thebes" in *Hermes*, vol. ii. (1867). Sir H. Rawlinson's argument that Herodotus's description of the city of Ecbatana with its seven concentric battlements of planet-colours is a record of their week-order being known, requires too serious a manipulation of the historian's text for it to be relied on here. Yet the probability for it is strengthened by Celsus's description of the Mithraic mysteries (*Origen adv. Cels.* vi. c. 22) where the soul had to pass seven planet-gates of the appropriate metals,

the same as counting by twenty-four hours. It is true that the Hindu sixty-hour day is of no high antiquity, being only borrowed from the Greek astronomers, who sometimes divided the day into sixty "day-minutes," but then it is probable that this plan was adopted, with the similar sixty divisions of the hour still in use among us, from the Babylonians. Astrological tradition is for the twenty-four hour theory, while the sixty-hour theory has no such support; still it remains as a possibility, and as an example of the anthropologist's difficulty in judging how a custom came into existence, when there is more than one way in which this may have happened.

The examples here given will not only have shown the historical, geographical, and inferential methods of examining customs, but also how they combine in any special inquiry. By such trials we may realise what the

arranged in week-day order. The objection made by Rawlinson to the natural order of the planets in Dio Cassius as being inverted, seems untenable; it is the order in which the Sabæans are recorded actually to have worshipped the planets day by day (Chwolson, *Die Sabier*, vol. ii. p. 611). Here it may be worth while to mention that importance has sometimes been attached to the occurrence of the seven week-days with their planet-names in India, and even far into Tartary and in China. These have been thought to throw light on the early history of the week and Sabbath, but they are now known to have no such high antiquity, being merely borrowed from Greek astrology.

state of the subject at present is. It is only by the slow method of trial and error, the gradual process of sifting the evidence and bringing it into comparison with fresh details, that we can hope to reach a solution. Yet it is possible in this way to work up to an accumulated probability in favour of one view which sometimes persuades us of its positive truth, and more often justifies us in treating it as a good temporary explanation, very likely requiring correction, but having in it the essential points of reality. This is the sort of working theory which has generally to be received as the nearest approach to be had to absolute knowledge. And though perfection may be out of reach, it is important to understand that such approach to it as may be thus worked up to, if only a distorted image of the truth, has at least that analogy to it which a distorted image must have to its original. It enables us to judge in what kind of way many customs arose. Now if there is one point in which barbaric, stationary peoples contrast with civilised, progressive peoples, it is that the lower nation, unable and unwilling to study its customs, resists improvement in them, while the higher nation studies and improves. The future of the world lies with the nations who study their customs, and they are bound to carry on the study in a careful, solid way, although results may be slow and sometimes disappointing.

E. B. TYLOR.

A LOST LEADER.

IN MEMORIAM T. H. GREEN

Of Balliol : died March 26, 1882.

STRONG, silent soul;
 Silent and seeming stern!
 Now thou art gone we miss our nobler guide.
 Far lies the goal;
 And whither shall we turn,
 Seeing that Death hath robbed thee from our side!

Strong for the right;
 Stern against every wrong;
 Thy larger heart could feel for human pain.
 Through youth's dark night
 Of doubts and fears that throng,
 Thy silent deeds were potent to sustain.

Yea, though we miss
 Thy steadfast, helpful glance;
 Hear not again the rugged, rock-hewn speech;
 Death leaves us this,
 Through failure and mischance—
 Pride in the man; the loyal friend to each.

Warm human heart!
 Upright thyself, to be
 Pillar and prop for feeble steps that trod.
 Yea, though we part,
 It must fare well with thee,
 Victor of Death, immortal soul with God.

NOTE.

THOMAS HILL GREEN, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Oxford, was a contemporary, but not a relative, of Mr. J. R. Green, the eminent historian. How great a loss has been sustained in Professor Green's death is felt by all who have taken an interest in the University during the last fifteen years. Those who knew him the most intimately revered him the most deeply.—EDITOR OF "MACMILLAN."

NATIONAL SURPRISES.

It is very necessary that the question should be thoroughly investigated, whether there is any warning of war which a nation has reason to expect before it is attacked by one of its neighbours. To judge by what is repeated continually in private conversation, all Englishmen take for granted that it has never happened except by the rarest accident, and by some exceptional act of perfidy, that one nation has attacked another by pure surprise and during peace-time.

On the other hand, some investigation on the subject to which I have been led by the recent discussion which has been raised by Sir Garnet Wolseley, has convinced me that the direct converse is the truth. It would be impossible within the space of such an article as this to do more than indicate the necessity for a full report on the subject; but I have made out at least thirty or forty cases of purposed and successful surprises within the last hundred years, and I have been startled by the number of instances which I have hit upon within the period of peace which is supposed to have followed 1815. Sir Garnet Wolseley has referred in an article elsewhere to a few of these, such as our seizure of the Danish fleet and bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807, because Canning had discovered the secret articles of the Treaty of Tilsit; the Portuguese seizure of Spanish Montevideo in 1816, when all the Great Powers of Europe solemnly scolded Portugal, but none of them took a single step to assist Spain, though Spain had specially deserved their good graces, because, relying upon the effect of the joint authority of Europe, she had omitted to take any step whatever to revenge herself or to recover

her province, which she accordingly lost. But these and one or two others which he has mentioned are not exceptional cases, but, so far as I have been able to ascertain, fair specimens of what has been again and again repeated by every European Power.

Before leaving the case of 1807, it will be as well to recall the fact that not only had Denmark at that time committed no aggression against us, but that we were on the friendliest possible terms with her, her ships in our ports, our ships in hers. Sir Arthur Wellesley carried all the fortifications and conquered the island before any assistance could arrive from the mainland, from which moreover the capital was completely cut off by our fleet which had surrounded the place before any hint of the coming war had reached the Danish court.

Frederick's invasion of Silesia in the first Silesian war has been so often cited, that though it occurred rather before the period of the last hundred years to which I have more particularly referred, it may be as well to say this much about it: that completely as for six weeks or more he succeeded in befooling all Europe as to his intentions, and perfectly as during all that time he outwitted the cleverest diplomatists and wits of the day, including Voltaire, it is even as regarded himself only one case out of three of complete surprise which he inflicted on his neighbours. In the case of the second Silesian war no doubt he made an announcement at Vienna that might have given Maria Theresa warning, for he told her that he was *not* going to war with her, but that he felt it his duty to send auxiliary troops to the aid of the Emperor of Germany her rival. But in the first place the

Emperor of Germany had no troops at all in Bohemia, and Maria Theresa might have assumed that the announcement, that he was not going to war with her, and that he solemnly pledged himself anew to observe the treaties he had made with her, if it had any meaning at all, meant that he would not on his own account, and separately from the Emperor, invade her territory. And in the second place the distance from Vienna to Saxony through which Frederick at once burst into Bohemia was so much greater for practical purposes than it is now that Frederick's warning, if warning it was, and not in itself an attempt to deceive the Empress as to the direction in which he intended to move his troops, was too short to be of the least value to Maria Theresa. Moreover she had placed her armies and Vienna at his mercy by the reckless manner in which she had pushed all her forces up to and beyond the Rhine in implicit reliance on his faithful observance of his treaties with her.

No doubt his equally sudden seizure of Saxony at the commencement of the Seven Years' War was justified, like our seizure of Copenhagen, by the supreme necessity he lay under of anticipating the blows which Austria, Russia, France, and probably Saxony, were intending to deliver against him without warning; but the whole story suggests a universal European diplomacy of which "diamond cut diamond" was the only acknowledged maxim, and shows what at that time any country had at any moment to expect from its neighbours. The point which is really of most interest in all these cases is the evidence which they afford, that under all ordinary circumstances in those days nations and statesmen had just as much tendency to repose almost unlimited faith in the value of treaties and international guarantees as they have now. Their continual and cruel disappointments are for this reason real warnings for ourselves. Never did any monarch make greater efforts than Charles

VIII. employed to have the universal guarantee of the civilised world attached to the Pragmatic Sanction. No one who has ever sung, written, or spoken of the value of superseding the arbitrament of the sword by the rule of the "common sense of most" trusted more implicitly that any "fretful realm" that might dispute the succession of his daughter would be kept in awe by the innumerable guarantors for whose signatures he had successfully intrigued. Yet when the petty princeling, as Charles would have thought him, of Brandenburg stepped into the arena to challenge the value of the Pragmatic Sanction, none, or scarcely any, of its signatories made one effort against him, and most of them joined in attacks against Maria Theresa.

But to come down to more recent times. In 1782, one hundred years ago, the American War of Independence had not come to an end. Both France and Holland had during the course of that war, without giving us any notice, secretly signed treaties of alliance, hostile to us, with the revolted colonies. France, in 1778, had sent out reinforcements of men, officers, arms, and supplies, and a regular naval expedition, expressly in order to surprise us before war was declared. We had the good fortune in 1778 to discover by a lucky chance the treaty which Holland had contracted, and we therefore returned the compliment of surprise by seizing St. Eustacia, that colony being utterly unprepared for war, and having had no warning that war was about to break upon it.

Our war with Holland was hardly over before the German emperor surprised the unhappy Dutch by a sudden inroad, and dictated his own terms. A few years later (1787) the same emperor seized, without any kind of warning of war, a number of Turkish fortresses, and thereupon commenced a war.

Whilst speaking of attacks on Turkey, it should be mentioned that

the Empress Catharine possessed herself of the Crimea without any notice of war to the Porte.

In 1791 the Spaniards, apparently for the mere pleasure of surprise, seized upon our settlement of Nootka Sound, without any kind of warning. Fortunately they begged our pardon, and gave it up; but the surprise and the success of the capture were complete.

The French Revolutionists had a convenient mode of seizing a country by surprise. They flooded it with "citizens" who induced political movements which gave excuses to the French army to invade, under colour of assisting that portion of the country with which France sympathised. There was therefore no need for declaring war, because France was at peace with those whom she chose to consider as the proper representatives of the country. Nevertheless, all the ordinary conditions of conquest followed. Heavy fines were levied in all directions, objects of art pillaged, the fortresses occupied, imperious orders issued, to resist which, when too late, the unfortunate inhabitants rose in vain after a complete national surprise had come upon them. It was in this way that that conquest of Switzerland, which made Coleridge in 1797 give up in despair the admiration he had till then cherished for Republican France, was achieved. The lines—

"Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those dreams!

I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns sent,
I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained
streams!"

* * * *

"To scatter rage and traitorous guilt!
Where Peace her jealous home had built!"

* * * *

"To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
From Freemen torn! to tempt and to
betray!"

and the whole of the famous Ode are worth recalling just now, when in certain quarters one hears it freely

suggested that a Republican form of government in France promises us a special immunity from these dangers.

It was thus, or much in this way, that Venice and the other Italian Republics fell. Nor in more formal international surprise can the Republicans be said to have shown any want of vigour. In 1798 they seized Malta, with which they were absolutely at peace, by surprise. Egypt they surprised and seized from their most faithful ally the Porte, without giving him a hint of their intentions till they were masters of Alexandria and of most of the country.

But though Republics are by no means specially exempt from these tendencies, they have certainly enjoyed no monopoly of them. Our own proceedings in 1801, though they scarcely attained to the vigour of those of 1807, referred to in the beginning of this paper, were very respectable as surprises go. The Northern powers had had the audacity to form a league of armed neutrality; and though we could scarcely treat this as equivalent to war, we did despatch a powerful fleet to the North with authority to treat anything that might happen conveniently as a virtual declaration of war, and thereupon to attack any of the powers that could be detached from the rest. In that way our attack upon Copenhagen in that year and Nelson's famous action commenced. We successfully isolated Denmark, and obliged her to detach herself, at least for the time, from active participation in the Northern league. The suddenness and unexpectedness of our movement effectually dissipated the danger.

Our not very brilliant or successful expedition against Egypt in 1807 was commenced whilst negotiations were still going on between us and the Porte.

The whole story of Napoleon's seizure of the Spanish fortresses in 1807 would be well worth a detailed report. Almost every incident of it is of interest. The variety and inge-

nuity of the devices by which his several marshals secured complete possession of the whole range of powerful fortresses which guarded the frontier of Spain have perhaps never been surpassed, and the mode in which the fortresses were lost is a severe lesson as to the danger of depending on such security for national life. France at the time was not only at peace with Spain, but in armed alliance with her against England, Portugal, and other powers.

In 1812, the United States taught us that France was by no means the only country which, under a Republican form of government, could carry out a very effective surprise. For a whole month after the United States had commenced an attack upon our fleet, and endeavoured to surprise it, we had no idea that war had been declared. In 1818, the States taught Spain the same lesson, by the effectiveness with which they, whilst at peace with Spain, surprised Pensacola, and St. Mark's in Florida, and virtually conquered the country which they subsequently secured by treaty.

But if any lovers of monarchy are anxious to treat these acts as the exceptional product of Republican institutions, their attention may be commended to the action of France in 1823, under the Government of Louis XVIII. with M. de Villèle as minister. The high aristocratic and monarchical chamber, when it met to receive the announcement of war against Spain, showed that it had been so eager during the previous months for the surprise of Spain before war was declared, and that it was so likely to be indignant unless its susceptibilities in this respect could be allayed, that M. de Villèle was obliged to explain that, though, in consequence of the condition of the French armies, he had not actually sent them into Spain before war was announced, he had yet really done his best to carry out against Spain every form of surprise that was possible under the existing circumstances.

In 1826, after the absolutist monarchy of King Ferdinand had been set up in Spain by the war of which M. de Villèle's surprise was the commencement, a series of actions of the same class followed from Spain against Portugal.

It is scarcely necessary to recall the battle of Navarino, in which England, France, and Russia, whilst at peace with Turkey, destroyed her fleet.

The sudden entry of the French into Belgium in 1831 was certainly a most effectual surprise for the King of Holland, who had just completely crushed the revolt of the United Provinces, and who was not at war with France, though no doubt he had every reason to know the warmth of French sympathies for Belgium and her recently elected king.

In 1832 the French suddenly appeared before the town of Ancona, then belonging to their ally and friend, the Pope, and seized it by a pure surprise. France was at the time not at war with any power in Italy, but appears to have acted from a simple wish not to allow Austria to be a power in that country unless France also had a finger in the pie. In any case the aggression against the Pope was absolutely without pretext, and was preceded by no warning.

In 1836 the United States dealt with Texas very much in the same way as the first French Republic dealt with neighbouring states. Texas was filled with swarms of citizens; armed insurrection was then commenced; the President of Mexico was defeated; a Texan government was set up, and finally, within a few years, Texas was received into the Republic. Considering the condition of Ireland, it is as well to remember that we have suffered from repeated inroads into Canada, some, not all of them, Fenian, but all taking place during complete peace with the government of the United States, so that our immunity from actual surprise has been simply a question of the vigilance of our own officers, and by no means necessarily due to our

receiving warning beforehand from the States. The first of these raids took place in 1838. At least three other regular Fenian raids have taken place of late years.

In 1840, Russia, England, Austria, and Prussia virtually agreed to surprise Egypt. Orders were sent to the admirals to act at once against the Egyptian forces on receipt of the orders.

In 1848 Prussia invaded Holstein, without any attempt to warn Denmark of the intended aggression.

When in 1849 the French arrived before Rome, the Romans had no reason whatever to anticipate a hostile movement on the part of France, and did not anticipate it till it occurred.

The familiar case of our action towards Greece in 1850 has been fully recorded by Mr. McCarthy, in his *History of our own Times*. No doubt there are at present plenty of politicians among us who are anxious to repudiate Lord Palmerston and all his works, but no one ever more fully for the time being carried his countrymen along with him; and it may be a matter of doubt whether the fact that we have changed our minds since his days, would be considered by foreign statesmen as quite a valid reason why they should not treat as precedents against us acts, which, as a nation, we approved when he ordered them. In any case it is as well to remember that in 1850 the French Chamber, when they heard of our summary procedure in Greece, and when some orator used the phrase which has been employed to denounce each one of these transactions at the time that it happened, "Was such violence ever used in peace-time before now?" shouted at once, "Yes, at Copenhagen, in 1807." The Republican aggressions upon Malta, Egypt, Switzerland, and Italy; the Napoleonic aggression upon Spain; the principles propounded by the divine right monarchists of 1823 were all forgotten. Virtuous France felt that guilty

England stood for a second time at least convicted before her, and at any subsequent date would have felt herself justified in any sudden aggression by way of reprisal.

It is scarcely worth while to go over the incidents which preceded the Crimean campaigns. The successive acts by which the various combatants then slipped into war were each regarded by the opposing power as high-handed deeds which without warning or excuse broke treaties or agreements. The chief combatants were separated by too wide an expanse of sea and land; England and France were too little ready for war, for any very important act of aggression, to anticipate formal war; but many acts were done which provoked in the assailed power as vehement an explosion of wrath as any seizure of a border fortress would have done.

In 1859, when Austria and France went to war, movements of troops on either hand were alleged on both sides as the occasion for war, and as the moment at which the Austrian troops crossed the Ticino or the French entered Italy were questions determined entirely by the cabinets respectively of Vienna and Paris, it is clear that either would have considered itself justified in seizing a border fortress with as little warning as was actually given before the troops moved.

It was of course of the very essence of all the movements by which Garibaldi created the Italian kingdom, that they were a series of successful surprises during peace-time.

The Austro-Prussian war of 1864 against Denmark commenced by a "federal execution," which avoided the necessity of declaring war, and though the two powers had no motive for military surprise, the principle of acting without giving warning was fully sanctioned by their action.

In 1866, while Prince Frederick Charles accused Austria, in a proclamation to his army, of having invaded Prussia without giving her warning

of war, Prussia herself seized Hesse Cassel and Leipzig and crossed the borders of Hanover before war was declared.

The sudden disclosure, in 1870, of the secret treaty by which the Emperor Napoleon, through his agent, M. Benedetti, had been proposing to possess himself of Belgium, has surely not yet been forgotten by Englishmen. From 1866 down to 1870 the Emperor Napoleon, whilst nominally in warm alliance with England, had been proposing, by an arrangement with Prussia, to seize and possess himself of Belgium, in defiance of all treaties with us, and with the clear understanding that the seizure of Belgium was an act of war against England.

But it may well be doubted if it is possible to bring home the real significance of these facts to those who have just passed through the experience of the year 1881, and yet imagine that no attack by armed forces is ever made during peace-time.

Has the Boer attack upon the 94th been already forgotten? Has it not followed the fate which appears to attend all these incidents, that of being received at first with storms of execration as a piece of treachery such as the annals of time nowhere record before, and then being consigned to oblivion lest it should disturb the calm assumption that the slumbers of peace are never wakened by the sudden shriek of war?

Or is it already forgotten that during 1881 our good friends across the Channel traversed the border of Tunis in pursuit of some banditti bands, which *their* good friend the Bey had hardly had strength sufficient to deal with? Is it already forgotten that France absolutely deluged Europe with assurances that no steps towards annexation would be taken in consequence of the unfortunate necessity which compelled her, in pursuit of the disturbers of peace, not to pay too nice an attention to shadowy frontier lines? Has it already been forgotten with what rapidity and suddenness

forces sufficient for the conquest of Tunis were sent off whilst these despatches were being read? Have we no knowledge at this moment of the actual condition of Tunis? To whom does it in fact belong, to the Bey or to France?

Surely in 1882 Tunis had an independent Bey. When, then, did France give the warning of war which has transferred Tunis to France? O! but there was no fortress to be seized! Very well! But during the 100 years I have been dealing with at least five-and-twenty fortresses, and at least as many more forts of the size of Dover Castle, or the Western Heights, have fallen *because* of the sudden outbreak of war. It would be idle in the space of an article to attempt to describe the circumstances under which they have fallen, but those circumstances would be well worthy of full record. When an objection of this kind is made against the relevance of such a citation as that of the invasion of Tunis by France, it must be assumed that the moral aspect of the question is surrendered; that it is admitted that if a fortress or a fort can be seized during peace-time, we must be prepared to anticipate the fact that it will be so seized. The whole question, then, is whether a fort can ever be seized by surprise. But then, if that is so, not only are all the many cases in which fortresses have actually been seized on the outbreak of war relevant to the issue, but the whole history of war itself is relevant. For surely it will not be pretended that if fortresses have been surprised during war, it would not have been incomparably more easy to surprise those fortresses before the warning of war had reached their garrisons. Now the whole history of war is a history of surprises under one form or another. Every text-book of fortification, every study of the handling of armies, every soldier's pocket-book is concerned with those points of human nature as applied to war, to those physical features, to those circumstances of weather, &c.,

which have in past times, and may again, facilitate surprise.

Moreover, all the circumstances of modern times tend to tempt nations that have secretly resolved on war to act in this way more frequently than former generations did. To test this by the case of the Tunnel which originally raised this discussion. No doubt if you put yourself in the times of Frederick so far as the circumstances of the aggressor are concerned, and in the year 1882 so far as the defender is concerned, you may easily argue that Maria Theresa had hints enough, before Frederick moved, to blow up twenty tunnels. But Frederick needed all the six weeks of secret preparation to be ready to move a corps of thirty thousand men. It answered his purpose better to take no overt action till all his preparations were made. His successor at this day could—without a sound passing, except from one end of a telephone to another—move on the spot ten corps of thirty thousand men each, and could support them within nine days by thrice that number of men. Every nation of the Continent stands in the same condition of readiness for war. Nothing has, I confess, seemed to me more suspicious in this matter than the eagerness of military writers in France, who must know that they are talking nonsense, to persuade a non-military nation like our own, that a concentration of troops somewhere or other is necessary before a great movement by railway could take place. In the days of Frederick, such a concentration was a necessity. In our days it would not facilitate, but would interfere with the rapidity and orderly movement of trains filled with troops, whether for sudden embarkation at a French port, or to reinforce an advance already in possession of Dover. All the talk about the necessity of moving troops in plain clothes is also a mere blind. Who is to distinguish between a train filled with soldiers and a train filled with civilians, when an express rattles through a French station, if the simple precaution of

drawing down the blinds is insisted on, even supposing that the movement took place by day and not by night; or furthermore, if a few troops are seen by a chance Englishman in France to pass by train, is that an event so uncommon that whenever you hear of it you will blow up your tunnel? The notion of lifting the trains by hydraulic power as an abstract possibility sounds very pretty, but does any promoter pretend that every passenger train will go through this process? If so, where is the boasted comfort and facility of travel? If not, at what particular stage are you going to stop your train full of soldiers and blow up your tunnel? Do you think that an armed force will allow itself to be stopped by a few guards? Do you think that you will always have guards so heroic, that when they discover the soldiers in the middle of the tunnel even if they are not overpowered at once, they will warn you to blow up the tunnel and overwhelm them and the soldiers in a common overthrow; for it is to be feared that your dynamite would be no respecter of persons, and that your rushing waters would drown the warning guards as well as the dreaded invaders. But if the train is to be stopped where the railway guards are not in danger, to what danger do you then expose the train?

It is necessary to make these remarks in order to bring the records of surprise with which this paper deals into fair comparison with modern times. For every captured fortress taken by force, whether in peace or war, represents the passage of soldiers over a far more deadly breach than any you can possibly devise for your tunnel trains. The very idea of the words "a forlorn hope" seems to have been forgotten in these days. A "forlorn hope" is the body of men which leads the way through that path in the walls of a fortress which has been carved out by the besiegers' guns. It is a path far more narrow than your tunnel at its very narrowest.

It is not a pathway which is designed in the first instance to render easy the passage of peaceful travellers, and yet may be, at some moment in which no one believes to be possible, turned to the destruction of a surreptitious enemy. It is, on the contrary, a pathway which is always assumed to be mined; to the destruction of which, at the moment when the largest possible number of soldiers are passing it, the energies of the garrison have been wholly bent. The whole resources of a civilised state have during peace-time been devoted to furnishing the garrison with every facility which modern science affords for blowing into the air the on-rushing assailants. Behind the breach, knowing well the time when the assault will be delivered, stands the whole power of the garrison, ready, watchful, trained by the conditions of the siege to indifference to life, knowing well that their own personal safety depends on driving back men who, if they enter, will enter with the fiercest passions known to human nature. Yet for this task, for this risk, never yet was there any difficulty in finding men among any army not utterly demoralised. A place among the forlorn hope has always been an object of competition among soldiers worthy of their salt.

This is the answer to the not too generous question which has been in this controversy put more than once to Sir Garnet Wolseley—"Would you, if you were intrusted with an expedition, venture to send any men through the tunnel with a view to surprise?" The horns of the intended dilemma are simple, but it may be convenient to state them with the naked simplicity with which they presented themselves to the mind of the questioner. "If you venture to say you would incur such a risk, then you will be held up to all England as a dangerous and reckless commander. If you do not say so, then your contention falls to the ground." The answer is, that the whole history of

war, which has here been briefly touched upon, is full of far greater risks than any you can devise. For whereas the whole energies of nations entirely devoted to war have been expended during peace-time in preparing such risks for the assailants of fortresses, unhampered by the condition of securing that peaceful citizens shall continually be passing over the same ground without incurring any risk, no commander has ever yet taken a fortress by storm without calling upon his troops to face these dangers, and the very essence of the military spirit in an army has lain in its readiness to respond to such a call.

But while the whole history of war is full of such calls and such responses, there is no case in all the history of war in which the end to be gained was so worthy of the risk. There is no other case in the history of the world of one of the great powers of it, the guardian, if any is, of all its liberties, which has exempted itself from all the conditions which weigh down other nations, from compulsory service, from huge standing armies, from virtual military ascendancy, and which has become so unconscious of the causes which have enabled it to maintain its freedom without undergoing the toils which are forced on other nations if they would preserve theirs, that at the last it stakes its existence, like its neighbours, on the capture of a fort or two, but, unlike its neighbours, continues to remain unarmed, while its preachers and its members of Parliament are permitted to deliver, from their pulpits and their temperance platforms, warnings to young men not to enter the army, which its Government is endeavouring to fill by an open competition in the best-paid labour market in the world.

One word in conclusion. To any Englishman who glances over these incidents of the past, nothing comes home more painfully and more forcibly than the sadness of the delusion in which Englishmen live, that the armed

powers of the world love England so well that she has nothing to fear from any grave malice of theirs. When Milton "hailed it as an omen of happy augury" that he heard England spoken of as the land of liberty, he was sitting among "the wits and poets of Italy." Had he been sitting among the courtiers of the Pope or of the Emperor, the tone in which the land of liberty would have been spoken of would have been startlingly different. Between the times of Milton and our own every power of Europe, with the single exception perhaps of Austria, has again and again conspired with others for our overthrow. The system of secret treaties has come down to our own day, and has preceded each of the most recent wars as regularly as it preceded those of the days of our forefathers.

We hear with a proud disdain the words "*perfid*e Albion," muttered on the Continent, knowing that in our own intention and our own belief we are absolutely innocent of the charge. It is as well, however, to remember that whether the interpretation which is put upon the facts be just or not, the words represent certain definite acts of ours, which we most assuredly intend to repeat again and again, and which, whenever they are repeated, will appear to foreign nations in the future, as they have done in the past, to merit the charge of perfidy. For the acts which bring down these charges upon us are simply those reversals of foreign policy which with us constantly attend a change of ministry. Not to touch upon modern instances, in order not to awake any semblance of party spirit in a matter which surely ought, if any is, to be purely national, it may be convenient to remember that when in 1807 we asked Denmark to trust us temporarily with her fleet, and pledged ourselves to return it intact when

peace was made, the answer of the Crown Prince of Denmark was, "You offer us your alliance! Do we not know what it is worth? Your allies, vainly expecting your succours for an entire year, have taught us what is the worth of English friendship." The words referred to an actual fact. The Emperor Alexander himself attributed his defeat at Friedland to our sudden failure to continue the subsidies we had previously paid him, and which, in consequence of a change of ministry, were withheld. Similarly, after having incurred all the cost of finding Frederick year after year money for the Seven Years' War, we withheld it just when Frederick was in the direst need of it. So after Marlborough and Eugene had fought side by side in one campaign after another, we, on a change of ministry, made a separate peace with France, and, marching our troops out of the allied camp, left Eugene to the defeat which he immediately afterwards sustained.

These changes of policy³ may be most right and wise. They are at least inherent in the nature of our institutions, and seeing that we are certain to repeat them in the future as we have repeated them in the past again and again, it is as well to face the fact that, whatever we may think of them, foreign nations will regard them as acts of treachery which justify them at any moment in visiting us with sudden surprise.

In a few pages like these it is only possible to indicate the nature of these facts. They would be well worthy of exhaustive treatment, with full references to authority, a brief citation of all the instances that have occurred, and a full statement of the circumstances of the more important incidents. Scarcely any subject would have in it more elements at once of popular interest and of political importance.